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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Mobilizing Readers

WITHIN the brief period of years which has seen the rise of the radio from the latest invention of science to one of the most effective mediums for the propagation of ideas which the world has ever devised, literature has maintained a more or less distant, if affable, relationship with broadcasting. On the whole it has not attempted much beyond the compressed drama—Shakespeare or Ibsen pruned to the purposes of an hour's entertainment and the necessity of few characters—, book reviews, of which there are many, occasional interviews with literary personages, and now and again informal disquisitions by writers of note. But of the presentation of literary productions themselves, there has been next to nothing.

And yet the radio, it would seem, ought to be an even more far-flung means than the magazine or newspaper for creating interest in works of literature. For its public is immeasurably greater, and it has whatever advantage may accrue to narrative from the dramatic quality that is lent it by recital. The periodical, of course, has an advantage over the radio in that serialization is possible to it and not to the latter. It is not feasible for the radio, it should go without saying, both because continuity is the very *sine qua non* of serialization and unbroken attention is unlikely to be obtained from a radio audience for the length of time required for the broadcasting of an extensive work, and because if it were procurable it would in all probability very adversely affect the sales of the book broadcast. Indeed, it is still an open question whether with some types of books newspaper or magazine serialization is beneficial or otherwise. The publishers of a certain recent important volume of reminiscences of a non-military war-time figure would probably bear sad witness to the havoc which too lavish publication of extracts wrought to book sales. It is a wise provision, which would apply as well to a novel as to a concert which, for instance, determines the managers of the Stadium concerts in New York to permit only the occasional broadcasting of a late half-hour of the program. Anything else would limit attendance; just so, probably, would a popular author like Kathleen Norris lose sales were her novels to be broadcast.

But serialization is not the only means of acquainting the public with an author and his works. There is always the excerpt and the complete but brief composition to serve as an introduction. In them lie infinite possibilities.

Is it not likely that if the Mr. Dooley of Spanish War days had been writing in the radio era of the present, and occasional skits of his had been delivered to the public with all the flavor of dialect which the art of a skilful broadcaster could have lent them, that increased demand for his books would have immediately reflected the interest aroused by them? Does it not seem probable that if a few of Mr. Thomas Daly's engaging "McAroni Ballads" were to be read over the radio their lilt and Italo-American patois would win readers for the volume which contains them? No one needs to be told how much the voice can do to reveal the qualities of a literary composition and to arouse enthusiasm for its author. Indeed, it can do dangerously much, for it can lend beauty to what is not intrinsically valuable, and create a factitious tensity and emotion which have no justification in the material on which they are superimposed. The danger is real, but so far as literary broadcasting is concerned it should merely constitute an additional challenge to judgment, discrimination, and knowledge.

We should like to see the experiment tried of having certain of O. Henry's stories, for instance, or of Kipling's, read over the radio, by one whose appreciation of them was equal to his ability to deliver them without affectation or dramatization but with proper emphasis and fluency. We should like to know whether many a listener who was first making his acquaintance with these writers in this fashion would not find his way to a library or bookshop to pursue it further. We wonder whether a story by Ring Lardner, or an extract from Don Marquis would not make new readers for those gentlemen. We should be interested to discover whether the reading of two or three verses by Ogden Nash would produce any repercussions in the bookshops. There is a public wider even than that of the *Saturday Evening Post*, let alone a sophisticated journal, and the daily newspaper which, if its interest could be aroused, could be brought into the field of book readers, if not habitually, at least on occasions. And the radio, we believe, is one method of mobilizing this public.

Two Old Men

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

TWO old men who till the earth
Stand and talk in selfless mirth.
They are worlds apart in creed;
But they have sown their fill of seed,
There is no woman to impress
At this late time with manliness.
They have found and left desire,
They need not veil their eyes with fire
And look at one another keen
As if two swords played in between.

Their eyes are naked, kind, and slow
And shine with love the gods might know.
Pride is over, passion done.
They stand together in the sun
And have no dignity to lose;
They are unconscious of their thews;
Age has quieted their wills
And made them beautiful as hills.

This Week

"History of Hudson Bay."
Reviewed by ARTHUR POUND.

"Schumann" and "Giuseppe Verdi."
Reviewed by CARL ENGEL.

"This Our Exile."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"The Colonel's Daughter."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

"Most Women."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"Halfway."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

The Aged Poet Discourses.
By MARY AUSTIN.

Pegasus Perplexing: A Charade Contest.

Next Week, or Later

The Letters of Keats.
Reviewed by J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

The World of Henry James

By DESMOND MACCARTHY

IN Henry James's later letters his voice is audible. Nor is this surprising, for his letters were often dictated, and his conversation, in its search for the right word, its amplifications, hesitations, and interpolated afterthoughts, resembled dictation. This sounds portentous, not to say boring: indeed, it was at times embarrassing. But—and this made all the difference—he was fascinating. The spell he exercised by his style was exercised in his conversation. Phrases of abstruse, exaggerated drollery or of the last intellectual elegance flowered in it profusely. At first you might feel rather conscience-stricken for having set in motion, perhaps by a casual question, such tremendous mental machinery. It seemed really too bad to have put him to such trouble, made him work and weigh his words like that. and if, through the detestable habit of starting any topic rather than be silent, you had broached one in which you were not interested, you might be well punished. There was something at once so painstaking, serious, and majestical in the procedure of his mind that you shrank from diverting it, and thus the whole of your little precious time with him might be wasted.

* * *

How often this happened in my case during our fifteen years' acquaintance! I still regret those bungled opportunities. In conversation he could not help giving his best, the stereotyped and perfunctory being abhorrent to him. Each talk was thus a fresh adventure, an opportunity of discovering for himself what he thought about books and human beings. His respect for his subject was only equalled, one noticed, by his respect for that delicate, deliberate instrument for recording and comparing impressions, his own mind. He absolutely refused to hustle it, and his conversational manner was largely composed of reassuring and soothing gestures intended to allay, or anticipate, signs of impatience. The sensation of his hand on my shoulder in our pausing rambles together was, I felt, precisely an exhortation to patience. "Wait," that reassuring pressure seemed to be humorously saying, "wait; I know, my dear fellow, you are getting fidgety, but wait—and we shall enjoy together the wild pleasure of discovering what 'Henry James' thinks of this matter—for my part, I dare not hurry him!" His possession of this kind of double consciousness was one of the first characteristics one noticed. Often we would both seem to be waiting, palpitating with the same curiosity, for the ultimate verdict. At such moments the working of his mind used to fascinate me, as though I were watching an hydraulic engine through a window, its great, smooth wheel and shining piston moving with ponderous ease through a vitrious dusk. The confounding thing was that the great machine could be set in motion by putting a penny in the slot. And, alas! one often had only coppers in one's pocket!

Such was Henry James the talker, Henry James the writer is still with us; I propose to attempt to find his formula.

* * *

He was a conscious artist, who knew more clearly than English novelists what he wished to do and how he must set about it. His books were therefore themes for critics who were anxious to convince a generation, persuaded to the contrary by many dazzling achievements in an opposite manner, that fiction need not be formless, and that a novelist's mastery is shown in unfolding a situation to which every incident contributes. To Henry James a novel was not a hold-all into which any valuable observations and reflections may be stuffed, nor was it merely peptonized experience. He was an artist and a creator. Of course the world he created bore a vital

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relation to experience, as all fiction must if it is to bewitch and move us; but the characters in that world, in whose fate and emotions he interested us, existed in a medium which was not the atmosphere we ordinarily breathe. That medium was his own mind. Just as there is a world called "Dickens," another called "Balzac," so there is a world called "Henry James." When we speak of the "reality" of such worlds it only means that we have been successfully beguiled. We are really paying homage to the shaping imagination of a creator. How independent of the actual world, and how dependent for their vitality upon the world in which they are set, characters in fiction are, becomes clear the moment we imagine a character moved from one imaginary world into another. If Pecksniff were transplanted into "The Golden Bowl," he would become extinct; and how incredible would "the Dove" be in the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit!" The same holds good of characters constructed piecemeal from observation when introduced into a world created by an overflow of imagination. They become solecisms: either they kill the book or the book kills them. The unforgivable artistic fault in a novelist is failure to maintain tone. In this respect Henry James never failed. His characters always belonged to his own world, and his world was always congruous with his characters. What sort of a world was it? And what were its relations to our common experience which made it interesting? The answers to these two questions, which the work of every creative artist prompts, need not be separated. The answer to the one will suggest the answer to the other.

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It is important to emphasize Henry James's world-creating power, because in every novelist who possesses it, that faculty is the most important. Yet in his case it has often been overlooked. Critics have found in his work so much else to interest them—his style, his methods, his subtlety. From their comments it might be supposed that his main distinction lay in being a psychologist, or an observer, or an inventor of a fascinating, but—so some thought—an indefensible style. Yet to regard him primarily as an observer or psychologist or a maker of phrases is not only to belittle him, but to make the mistake we made when first Ibsen came into our ken. It seems hardly credible that we should have taken Ibsen for a realist, but we did. Despite his rat-wife, wild-ducks, towers, and ice-churches; despite the strange intensity of his characters, which alone might have put us on the right track; despite the deep-sea pressure of the element in which they had their being, and the perverse commonness of the objects which surrounded them—as of things perceived in some uncomfortable dream—Ibsen's battle was fought under the banner of realism. Because his characters threw such a vivid light on human nature and our predicaments we took them for photographs from life. And yet we knew all the time what we meant by "an Ibsen character" as clearly as we knew what "a Dickens character" meant. The fact that we are understood when we speak of a "Henry James character" is a proof that his imagination, too, was essentially creative.

Most great novelists have given to their creations an excess of some faculty predominant in themselves. Thus Meredith's characters are filled to an unnatural degree with the beauty and courage of life, while Balzac gives to his a treble dose of will and appetite. The men and women in Henry James's novels, the stupid as well as the intelligent, show far subtler powers of perception than such men and women actually have. It was only by exaggerating, consciously or unconsciously, that quality in them that he could create a world that satisfied his imagination. With this exception his work is full of delicately observed actualities. His men and women are neither more heroic nor single hearted, nor more base than real people, and, granted their superior thought-reading faculties and the concentration of their curiosity upon each other, events follow one another in his stories as they would in real life. The reader may sometimes find himself saying: "No one without corroborative evidence would act on such a far-fetched guess as that," but he will never find himself saying (granted the subtlety of these people): "That is not the way things happen." Whether his characters are children of leisure and pleasure, jaded journalists, apathetic or wily disreputables, hard working or dilatory artists, they are all incorrigibly preoccupied with human nature; with watching their own emotions and the complex, shifting relations and intimate dramas around them. There is a kind of collected self-consciousness and clairvoyance about them all. They watch, they feel, they compare notes. There is hardly a minor character in his later books, not a butler or a telegraph clerk, who, if he opens his lips twice, does not promptly show the makings of a gossip of genius. There are other generalizations to be made about the people of Henry James's world equally important, but this is the most comprehensive. For the critic this peculiarity has a claim to priority, not on esthetic grounds, but because it leads to the centre of his subject: what, in Henry James's case, was the determining impulse which made him create the particular world he did?

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In that astonishing record of imaginative adventure, "The American Scene," he continually refers to himself as the "restless analyst," speaking of himself as a man "hag-ridden by the twin demons of observation and imagination." The master-faculty of Henry James was this power of analyzing impressions, of going into them not only far, but, as they say in Norse fairy-tales, "far and farther than far." Indeed, there are only three other novelists whom a passion for finality in research and statement has so beset, for whom the assurance that everything that there was to be said had indeed been attempted, was the sole condition of a Sabbath's rest: Proust, whom Henry James did not live to read, and Balzac (with whom the later Henry James had more sympathy than any other fellow-craftsman), and Dostoievsky. The last two were very different men from himself, laboring in other continents. Dostoievsky's subject is always the soul of man, and ultimately its relation to God; his deepest study is man as he is when he is alone with his soul. In Henry James, on the contrary, the same passion of research is directed to the social side of man's nature, his relations to his fellowmen. The universe and religion are as completely excluded from his books as if he had been an eighteenth century writer. The sky above his people, the earth beneath them, contains no mysteries for them. He is careful never to permit them to interrogate these. Mr. Chesterton has called Henry James a mystic; the truth is that he is perhaps the least mystical of all writers who have ever concerned themselves with the inner life. It is not the mystical (the mysticism would have shattered his world) which attracts him, but a very different thing, the mysterious, namely, whatever in life fascinates by being hidden, ambiguous, elusive, and hard to understand. And this brings us again straight up to the question of his directing impulse as an artist.

It was an impulse to conceive the world in a light which (a religious interpretation of man's nature being excluded) would give most play to his master faculties of investigation. It was a desire, or rather a necessity, to see people in such a way as made them, their emotions, and their relations to each other, inexhaustible subjects for the exploring mind. Any formula for a great writer is justly suspect; but entertain this one for a moment on approval. It may prove to be "the pattern in the carpet."

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In the first place, it explains his choice of themes. His long career was a continual search for more and more recondite and delicate ones. He begins with cases of conscience, in which, however, already the shades seemed fine to his contemporaries, and in which verdicts depended upon evidence not always visible to "twelve good men and true." The formula explains his early fondness—long before he had found a method of constructing a world of recondite possibilities—of ending with that substitute for mystery, the note of interrogation. It explains also his excitement in discovering Europe, especially the discovery of those secluded corners of European society, where dark deposits of experience might be postulated without extravagance. (In *his* America everything was depressingly obvious.) It explains his passionate interest in the naïve consciousness of his Americans when confronted with people with more complex standards and traditions. Did they or did they not understand? It explains his later interest in children, in whom it is puzzling to fix the moment of dawning comprehension. It explains his marked preference for faithful failure as a subject over the soon exhausted interest of success. It explains in a measure his comparative lack of interest in the life of the senses (there is no mystery in the senses compared with the mind); also his efforts to keep in the background, so that they might gather an impenetrable portentousness, crude facts, professions, adulteries, swindles, and even murders, which nevertheless, for the sake of the story, had sometimes to go through the empty form of occurring in his books. It explains the attraction a magnificently privileged class had for his art, his "Olympians," whose surroundings allowed latitude to the supposition of a wonderfully richer consciousness. It explains the almost total exclusion from his world of specimens of laboring humanity, to whom no such complexity can be with any plausibility attributed—a dustman in the world of Henry James is an inconceivable monster.

It accounts, too, for the blemishes in his books; for his refusal to admit that such a thing as a mole-hill can exist for a man with eyes in his head, and (how it seems to fit!), for his reluctance, even when occasion demanded it, to call a spade anything so dull and unqualified as a spade. It explains the fascination of his style, which conveyed amazingly the excitement of a quest, the thrill of approaching some final precision of statement. And above all, it explains why he came to endow his men and women with more and more of his own penetration, tenderness, and scrupulousness, till at last he created a world worthy of the exercise of his own master faculty; a world in which human beings, when confronted, saw mysteries in each other's gestures, and profundities in each other's words, and took joy in each other's insight like brave antagonists in each other's strength; a world in which they could exclaim about each other that they were "wonderful" and "beautiful," where they belonged to each other, or fought each other, on levels of intimacy which had never been described before.

Although his world is peopled with subtler men and women than any other novelist's, the crown does not go to the clever. It is even tempting to describe him as an inveterate moralist, who, finding ordinary scales too clumsy to weigh finer human qualities, employs instead esthetic weights and measures. The consequent reversal of the verdict was one of his favorite themes. "There are no short cuts," he seemed to be saying, "to being beautiful; to be beautiful you must be really good." He made us understand better the meaning of intimacy and the beauty of goodness.

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When I say "us," I am thinking of my own generation when we discovered him. We young ones, at any rate, read him, apart from our delight in his phrases and metaphors, for his substance, for precisely that side of his work which appears now to be wearing thin. Our generation, at least that part of it with which I was best acquainted and most at home, was interested in those parts of experience which could be regarded as ends in themselves. Morality was either a means to attaining these goods of the soul or it was nothing; just as the railway system existed to bring people together and to feed them, or the social order that as many "ends" as possible should be achieved. These ends naturally fined themselves down to personal relations, esthetic emotions, and the pursuit of truth. We were perpetually in search of distinctions; our most ardent discussions were attempts to fix some sort of a scale of values for experience. The tendency was for the stress to fall on feeling rightly rather than upon action.

It would be an exaggeration to say we cared not a sprat either for causes or our own careers (appetite in both directions comes with eating, and we had barely begun to nibble), but those interests were subordinate. Henry James was above all a novelist of distinctions. He was, indeed, the master in fiction of the art of distinguishing. His philosophy amounted to this: to appreciate exquisitely was to live intensely. We suspected, I remember, that he [illegible] valued subtlety [illegible] perhaps too "[illegible] instance, "cha[illegible]" acter. But whether or not we always agre[illegible] his estimate of values, he was preëminently in[illegible] in what interested us; that is to say, in disent[illegible] emotions, in describing their appropriate objec[illegible] in showing in what subtle ways friendships m[illegible] exquisite, base, exciting, dull, or droll. Th[illegible] characters were detached from the big co[illegible] struggling world, that its vague murmur floate[illegible] so faintly through their windows, that they mov[illegible] and had their being in an environment entirely co[illegible] posed of personal relations, esthetic emotions, [illegible] historic associations, seemed to us unimportant [illegible] tations to his art. Nor were we particularly in[illegible] ested in the instincts nor in the will compared v[illegible] the play of the intelligence. What was the will [illegible]

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a means, a servant? Or the instincts but the raw stuff out of which the imagination molded a life worth contemplating?

It still seems to me, on the whole, a sound philosophy; only the fiction which reflects these things to exclusion of all else now appears to me to shut out much which is both more absorbing, and more important, than I once supposed; also even to falsify the flavor of those very experiences on which it exclusively dwells.

I have described Henry James's youthful audience during those years when his books in the later manner were appearing, because such a description indicates the angle from which his work must always appear important. He cared immensely for spiritual decency. Nothing in life beguiled him into putting anything before that. He had a tender heart, an even more compassionate imagination, but a merciless eye.

I knew him for over fifteen years, but I only saw him at long intervals. In spite of admiration and curiosity I left our meetings entirely to chance, for I soon discovered two daunting facts about him. Firstly, that he was easily bored (not merely in an ordinary but in an excruciating sense of the word), and secondly that he minded intensely the dislocations and disappointments which are inevitable in all human relations. They made him groan and writhe and worry. The measure of how much he minded them could be read in the frequency, extravagance, and emphasis of his signals that all was really well, across even those small rifts (to him they had the horror of gulfs) which absence and accident open up between people. Many have not understood the elaborate considerateness which is so marked in his correspondence. As I read Henry James, it was his sense both of the gulf between human beings and the difficulty of bridging it which made him abound in such reassurances. His manner of receiving you expressed an anxiety to show you (sometimes comic in desperate thoroughness of intention) that, whatever might have happened in the interval, on his side at least the splinters had kept new and fine, so that if your half of the tally was in a similar condition, the two would dovetail at a touch. I have seen him keep a lady in a paralyzed condition for five minutes while he slowly recalled everything about her. And if your talk with him had been something of a failure, his farewell expressed that what you had wanted, yet failed to get, he had also wanted, and that nothing must blind you to his recognition of any affection or admiration you might be so generous as to feel for "your old Henry James."

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I imagine being interrupted here by a pointed question: "But did not this agitated anxiety to signal defeat its own end and make complications?" It often did so, just as some of his letters, long as they are, were sometimes almost entirely composed of signals and gestures. But to many sensitive natures who find the world only too full of callous, offhand people, this exquisite and agitated recognition of their own identity, and of their relation to himself, was a delightful refreshment. He himself was clearly one of the most sensitive of men. The importance to him of urbanity, money, privacy, lay in the fact that they were salves. His art was a refuge to him as well as the purpose of his life. The brutality and rushing confusion of the world, where the dead are forgotten, old ties cynically snapped, old associations disregarded, where one generation tramples down the other, where the passions are blind, and men and women are satisfied with loves and friendships which are short, common, and empty, horrified him. I picture him as flying with frightened eyes and stopped ears from that City of Destruction till the terrified bang of his sanctuary door leaves him palpitating but safe; free to create a world which he could people with beings who had leisure and the finest faculties for comprehending and appreciating each other; where the reward of goodness was the recognition of its beauty and the past was not forgotten. His sense of the past—of the social world's, of his own—which he recorded with a subtle actuality and piety never excelled in autobiography—was almost the deepest sense in him. Such reverence for human emotions is usually associated with the religious sense, but that is singularly absent from his work. While we read his books only the great dome of civilization is above our heads—never the sky, and under our feet its parti-colored mosaic—never the earth. All that those two words "sky" and "earth" stand for in metaphor, is absent.

Annals of Hudson Bay

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF HUDSON BAY. Edited by J. B. Tyrrell. Toronto: The Champlain Society. 1931.

Reviewed by Arthur Pound
Author of "Johnson of the Mohawks"

WHEN the Lindberghs, charting a new air route from New York to Nome, reached Moose Factory at Hudson Bay, they were again in a land of history. In the day's flight from Moose Factory to Churchill, they passed over a shoreline containing outposts of white civilization older than the first settlement on Manhattan. Yet on leaving Churchill they were soon crossing a wilderness so little touched by the systematic hand of civilized man that some of it is as yet unmapped.

Henry Hudson discovered the Bay which bears his name in 1610, a year after he found the Hudson River and ascended it to an island near the site of present Albany. In the latter case the Dutch acquired his findings, because Hudson had hired out to the Dutch East India Company. They might have lost the Hudson River and won Hudson Bay instead, except for a mutiny which kept the great navigator from seeking for the Northwest passage in high latitudes. Balked in going North by the opposition of his crew, he turned westward to find the raw site of New York City and to establish a solid Dutch claim to New Netherlands.

From BACQUEVILLE DE LA POTHERIE'S "Historie de l'Amérique Septentrionale."

This suited the Dutch but not Hudson. He was after the fabled Northwest Passage, and did not propose to be balked by Dutchmen afraid of the cold. The next year he set forth from his native England in the bark Discovery, on his fourth quest of the dream which he followed to his death. He sailed through Hudson Strait into Hudson Bay, exultingly viewed its broad waters, and said, "I've done it at last." But, tragically enough, after wintering in its southernmost part, James Bay, he had to make his exit by the "self-same door wherein he went." By this time even his hardy Englishmen had enough of Hudson and the frozen North. They mutinied, and set him adrift with eight loyal companions to die an unknown death on the great inland sea which bears his name.

The "Documents Relating to the Early History of Hudson Bay," so well published by the Champlain Society of Toronto, includes a preface which identifies the authors and documents, an introduction covering the long struggle of the French and English for the possession of York Factory, translations and texts of three French narratives of French-British struggles there and elsewhere on the Bay, and John Oldmixon's account of the beginnings of the fur trade in that region, taken from his "History of the British Empire in America," 1708. In writing this part of his history, Oldmixon had access to original documents of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The French narratives are of especial value in establishing a balanced view of Hudson Bay history. They are:

1. The Journal of Antoine Silvy, a Jesuit missionary, who after service at missions as far separated as Michilimackinac and Tadoussac, accompanied La Martiniere to Hudson Bay in 1684-5. Since their respective sovereigns were at peace, the critical meeting of French and English on that far shore ended as the Fashoda incident did three centuries later, with the British holding their ground and the French retiring in good order. Silvy later returned to the Bay and spent six years at Albany, but his account ends with the return of La Martiniere's expedition in 1685.

2. A report by letter from another Jesuit missionary, Gabriel Marest, to the overseer of Canadian missions, written about ten years later, probably when its author was en route to England as a prisoner or soon after he landed there. Marest accompanied the famous Sieur D'Iberville of the Le Moye family on the invasion which, in 1649, took York Factory from the English, who promptly recovered it the next year.

3. The letters of Claude Charles LeRoy de Potherie, French sailor and scholar. These, addressed to the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, and others, were published in the first volume of "Histoire de L'Amérique Septentrionale," by Bacqueville de la Potherie, in Paris, 1753. Prior editions are dated 1722 and 1723, and the letters may have been printed as early as 1716, though the "Privilège du Roy" is dated 1721. In literary style and breadth of information, these letters are the pick of documents presented.

Potherie's little squadron, which left La Rochelle April 7, 1697, stopped at Newfoundland to help d'Iberville complete his conquest of that colony. Taking that daring commander and part of his troops aboard, the French ships sailed from Placentia on July 4. Three of the bold Le Moyne brothers were on this expedition, Sieurs de Serigny and de Maricourt accompanying d'Iberville. After a slow, disheartening journey, being baffled day after day by headwinds in a strait, they finally reached the bay to find three English ships in possession. Separated from his other vessels, de Potherie in the *Pelican* gave battle to the enemy—three against one, and his ship no stronger than the others. He sank one of the three; but soon after his *Pelican* foundered in a storm. The other French ships escaped the storm, and after their forces were reunited, Serigny led a siege of Fort Nelson which surrendered November 14.

Other lively letters of de Potherie's describe the country, the manners of the natives, and earlier campaigns for mastery of the region. While his contributions are sprightlier than those of the priests, all describe in faithful detail the misfortunes of life in what still remains, in spite of airplanes, a difficult, dread country. Father Marest rather liked the long winter, which at least relieved him of insect enemies, but he confesses something like failure when he says that in spite of his translations of various church offices into the Indian tongue, he could baptize only two natives "who died immediately afterward." Potherie celebrated his departure from Hudson Bay with these heartfelt words: "Thanks to the Lord, Sir, I have escaped the most dreadful country in the world. I do not think they will catch me there again." Yet Potherie had an easier time of it than many of his companions.

In the extract from Oldmixon, we perceive the bulldog British are back again in command of the situation, and there they stay. The Hudson Bay country meant far more to the British than to the French. If London were to share in the fruits of the northern Canadian peltry, the English must risk those difficult waters. The French merely wanted to put the English out so that the northern furs would not be diverted from Quebec, which was their natural market unless the trade was interrupted. Once the British posts were closed, the French lost interest in Hudson Bay, and the English returned to sidetrack the pelts from Paris to London. Consequently whenever British and French fought in Europe, cannon spoke in Hudson Bay, and even when peace reigned in Europe there were no guarantees that peace reigned from Rupert House to Churchill.

While this collection brings no "finds" to the notice of historians, it makes a large amount of notable material more easily available than before. The Champlain Society, the translators and cartographers, and the editor of the volume, Dr. J. B. Tyrrell, have reason to be proud of this handsome limited edition. The appearance of the volume is timely, moreover, as the Hudson Bay area is coming into general inter-

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est with the completion of a railroad from Winnipeg to Churchill, and the prospect that, in spite of marine difficulties and a short season, Hudson Strait and Bay may become part of an important trade route for wheat transport. Hudson found the Bay while searching for a trade route over the top of the world; in a degree his dream is being fulfilled at last. The British masses are to get cheap bread out of Hudson Bay where once "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" —the romantic Prince Rupert as their first governor —sought furs for lords and ladies at the cannon's mouth.

Master Musicians

SCHUMANN, A LIFE OF SUFFERING. By VICTOR BASCH. Translated from the French by CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $3.50.

GIUSEPPE VERDI, HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By FRANCIS TOYE. The same. $6.

Reviewed by CARL ENGEL

ONCE upon a time it was enough to write a person's "life" if it was worth recording. Of late, the French have taken to qualifying the life with some adjective calculated to beguile those readers to whom the person means less than the attribute of his earthly experience. Thus there have been various series of books with accounts of "La Prodigieuse Vie d'Honoré de Balzac," or "La Vie Paresseuse de Rivarol," or "La Vie Turbulente de Camille Desmoulins," or—to mention a musician —"La Vie Illustre et Libertine de Jean-Baptiste Lully," by that most competent musicologist, M. Henry Prunières, especially versed in the musical seventeenth century of France and Italy. For those who are somewhat sadistically inclined, who derive pleasure from the pains of others, there is "La Vie Douloureuse de Charles Baudelaire" and, if they lean to music besides, "La Vie Douloureuse de Schumann." The last, by M. Victor Basch of the University of Paris, has now been published in an English translation (by Catherine Alison Phillips) entitled "Schumann, A Life of Suffering." There are a number of musicians whose life would merit the same epithet. Few reclined on a bed of thornless roses, basked in the sun of royal favor, were ideally mated, or amassed great riches. Most men of genius are their own worst enemies; they create only by destroying themselves. Or is it a blind and relentless fate that ordains their doom?

Schumann died insane. He had caught the *morbus Hoffmannicus*. It was rampant. He was a strange mixture of combatant and dreamer. He was the most romantic of the romanticists. In his eagerness to sight new tonal regions his view became blurred and distorted. But not until his ear had caught the sound of fresh enchantment, still potent and undiminished. His imitators seized only upon his weakest trait, his sentimentality, and exaggerated it to the perdition of at least two musical generations. M. Basch does not try to retrace the inner developments of Schumann, nor is he greatly concerned with the composer's works. He merely recounts the outward circumstances in the life of one who, to the author, was the "interpreter of moral suffering and palpitating emotion, of aspirations towards an Infinite full of mystery, and descents into unfathomable abysses." The style remains French, even in the English translation.

* * *

A book of weightier calibre is Mr. Francis Toye's "Giuseppe Verdi, His Life and Works." It is the first book in English to deal adequately and justly with a composer upon whom too many musicians and critics have looked condescendingly, if they did not overlook him entirely. Yet he was a great composer, a noble character, a man of genius.

The author has brought to his book not only infinite patience in fruitful research, but the sort of affectionate veneration which is necessary to instil real life into any biographical study. The book is not a "brilliant performance," is not bedecked with purple patches calculated to hide a substratum of dulness, it is not colored by prejudice. It is an honest account of the life and works of one of the most honest artists that ever lived, a man to whom pose—personal or artistic— was impossible. Perhaps here lies the reason why an age of musical poseurs has seen fit to sneer so often at a musician who—whatever the intrinsic value of some of his musical ideas may be—never allowed himself to "fake."

Mr. Toye is not blind to the "weak spots" in Verdi's music. They are accounted for by the mode of production occasionally forced upon an opera composer obliged to satisfy an impatient impressario. But the writing of an opera like "Il Trovatore" in twenty-nine days (Nov. 1—29, 1852) was not necessarily a hastily finished job, but the rapid realization of something that had lain dormant for some time in the composer's mind. There were the spurts of gushing inspiration. And again Verdi could be slow, infinitely slow. He was given to revising, to laborious rewriting. And there were the great "pauses" which separate "Aida" (1871), "Otello" (1887), and "Falstaff" (1893), those ultimate jewels of transcendent beauty in the composer's many-studded crown.

At considerable length we are told the story of Verdi's life; a life of hard work, of sorrows and joys, of unswerving rectitude—unlike that of his most eminent German contemporary—the whole placed in its proper relation to the phases of musical and political history—especially the history of a reborn and chivalrous Italy—with which it was synchronous. Painstakingly the author goes into each one of the librettos, bravely tackling and actually unravelling such dim and complicated plots as that of "Il Trovatore." In reading Mr. Toye's exposition of one of the most involved and tenebrous of operatic yarns, it becomes a thrilling and intelligible tale of love and crime.

On certain points the author's opinions bid us alter our previous conceptions; so with Arrigo Boito's influence on the master, and the master's later shift to some of Wagner's ideas.

> Boito was far more a Verdian than a Wagnerian, for he preferred Verdi's outlook in every respect, esthetic as well as social, even though he might have admitted the superiority of Wagner's intellectual equipment in most, and his musical equipment in some, respects. Second, Boito, whether a Wagnerian or not, seems to have had no direct musical influence on Verdi at all. What he did influence was his cultural outlook. Verdi always possessed an instinctive, uncultivated *flair* for what was great—for Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, and Beethoven. Boito made it more conscious . . . Boito's great and undeniable merit was to have made himself so beloved by Verdi that the composer accepted with enthusiasm from his hands incomparably the two best librettos in the history of Italian opera.

Allusion is made, of course, to Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff," those vigorous, full-blooded, verdant works written when the composer was seventy-four and eighty respectively. Born in the same year as Wagner, 1813, the Italian master outlived the German by eighteen years. And in that last span of life he wrote his two greatest works. He learned the fine passes of his trade at an age when others have forgotten its rudiments or become petrified in stale reiteration. The feat would have been unlikely had it not been for Boito's incentive and Verdi's youthful senescence. He continued to the end writing music which was essentially, unmistakably Verdian. Yet his manner had traversed a process of evolution and refinement. He did not relinquish his contact with the world, he kept step with his time even though, naturally, he could not assimilate all the new foibles of a younger generation. He remained true to himself. "In his heart he did not believe in judgments at all, either his own or those of other composers, however eminent. He believed in personal taste." And if the life and works of Giuseppe Verdi demonstrate anything that is worth our attention, it is the unbelievable way in which they show this peasant, born in a little Italian village, to have swayed the musical taste of the entire world. The organ grinder, the Khedive of Egypt, singers like Tamagno, Teresa Stolz, Victor Maurel, and Caruso, the garlic-gallery and the diamond-horshoe—all were equally indebted to this admirable fashioner of stirring and unblushing tunes. And to those who turn up their sensitive noses at these tunes we recommend listening to Verdi's Manzoni Requiem under Arturo Toscanini.

Cloudy Emotions

THIS OUR EXILE. By DAVID BURNHAM. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a first novel of most unusual fineness of perception and maturity of outlook. The narrator, James Eaton, is an undergraduate at Princeton, the son of a Chicago banker of great wealth. His father is a self-made man, and a really great man, who is idolized by his son. At the beginning of the book, Mr. Eaton falls ill, and lies a long time dying. His elder son returns from Paris; he is a supercilious young man who languidly produces unintelligible literature, and talks in intolerably bad epigrams. The Eaton family jar horribly on one another's nerves; they are just sufficiently well-bred to deny themselves the relief of open rudeness, and not sufficiently well-bred to have any real self-control; under the racking strain of Mr. Eaton's long illness, their tempers are all worn to rags. And Mr. Eaton's death brings together his family in his own generation, the painfully lower-middle class people whom he has left behind; there are horribly sordid squabbles over the estate, and James is forced to watch his mother revert to type and quarrel as meanly as any of them. All this only sets in motion the deeper forces of disintegration and unhappiness that are in the Eaton family. It would be fair to say that they live for pleasure, not from choice, but because, with no necessity for work, no interest in starting at the top in finance, and no tradition of public service, they have found nothing else to live for; and there are the complicated and unhappy love affairs that are always found among people who live for pleasure and have been brought to expect that they will get it.

The study of mounting hysteria goes on. The hero's sense of the futility of life, and his lack of anything to catch hold of, remind one of "This Side of Paradise," but Amory Blaine discovered futility and was as pleased with it as Jack Horner; in the entire want of tradition he had found the tradition of Byronism. Now, ten years after "This Side of Paradise" futility is no longer such an amusing discovery; Byronism seems as dead to James Eaton as religion and the other weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable uses of this world.

"This Our Exile" is a depressing and admirable book. It is perhaps a little too long-drawn out, especially in the first half, before Mr. Eaton's death precipitates the cloudy emotions. The tragedy of the hero who does nothing because he cannot tell what to do is poignant in its own way, but is never as absorbing as the tragedy of the hero who attempts something, as even Hamlet does, and fails. Mr. Burnham may have given it a treatment a little too long for its interest to sustain, but its interest is great, even so. The book has a richness of plot, and a generosity of vital characters, which are rare in the modern novel, and extremely welcome. And there is a positively painful interest in the convincing picture of the brittleness of the plutocracy under what is after all only stress and strain, for the death of a father is as Claudius quite justly says:

> What we know must be and is as common
> As any the most vulgar thing to sense.

The Eatons break down, not because Mr. Eaton dies, but because they have neither the workman's discipline of necessity nor the gentleman's discipline of breeding; and the Eatons are an enormously influential part of our country.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

MODERN CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL. By C. DELISLE BURNS. *Macmillan.*

A study of the modern world and its problems.

ALBERT GROPE. By F. O. MANN. *Harcourt, Brace.*

The chronicle of a business man's life written in Dickensian vein.

YOO HOO PROSPERITY! By EDDIE CANTOR and DAVID FREEDMAN. *Simon & Schuster.*

A brief but delightful bit of foolery, with more fact than fiction in it.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Poor Georgie

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

"GEORGIE," says one conservative English weekly, "deserves to be as memorable as Tess." "Mr. Aldington," says another, "has written a novel which is in the great tradition of English satire." But if "The Colonel's Daughter" has been received with rejoicing in Philistia, it can only be because it is not the sort of novel Mr. Aldington was expected to write. I do not think it is the sort of novel Mr. Aldington should have written. Of the two statements quoted above the first will bear the closer examination, for Mr. Aldington has approached the character of Georgina Smithers with a certain pity and understanding. She is the daughter of Frederick Smithers, Lieutenant Colonel retired, and she is one of those million women whose possible husbands were killed in the Great War. She lives in a little country village, and we are shown how she stumbles from one embarrassing situation to another, making tentative and rejected advances to the vicar, being given a mawkish and unpleasant initiation into "life" by a middle-aged literary gentleman, falling in love with her stupid colonial cousin and seeing him taken away from her by the only acquaintance of her own age. Georgie, with her ugly face and her splendid figure, with her awkward dignity which only comes to help her too late in the day, with her unrelated fragments of intelligence and her blind obedience to the dullest side of Erastianism . . . "poor Georgie" is condemned in the end to bicycle every day seven miles to the nearest town for groceries until she is too old to bicycle any more. Her tragedy is that she is to have no tragedy. But she is not a modern Tess. It may well be that one of Tess's claims to immortality is that she was the first country nymph to be properly "tumbled in the hay" since the good days of Fielding: but in all that followed that interesting event she remained a memorable tragic figure simply because she could not be pigeonholed. Her importance lay in what she was, not in what she represented. Georgie Smithers, on the other hand, never comes outside her type; and while it is a type worth the writing about, it cannot be offered as a valid excuse for the satire that is built about it.

I do not mean that "The Colonel's Daughter" is not a readable book. Quite the contrary. But it is readable because Aldington is a master of circumstance, and because he employs all those little devices and ingenuities which we do not really care to connect with a writer of his distinction. As for the satire, it is neither dangerous nor original: it is an expression of hackneyed dislike for the hackneyed shortcomings of the British upper middle classes. Moreover there is something histrionic about the characters and the story; and if there is no ranting to the first and no creaking in the second that is only because Mr. Aldington is a skilful producer. One incident at least not all his skill can save; it discloses not only the essential falseness of the book, but also the sort of influence which has come to bear upon it. The Smithers' servant girl shows signs of becoming an unmarried mother—a pretty common phenomenon in English villages, and one which gentle and simple alike accept with a certain resignation. But Mr. Aldington's characters take their cues; with the violent precision of actors in a stock comedy they walk into their camps, and come forth from thence to do battle over the wretched couple. Shall they be called "respectable"?—shall the prospective father keep his job?—shall they be given a cottage?—shall the wedding be made a social success? There follows the astonishing comment: "In such batrachomyomachia are expended the energies of a great Imperial people."

Here, I think, we see, peering over the author's shoulder, the face of the classical Mr. Ezra Pound. Having no lexicon at hand I should like to ask Mr. Aldington what his enormous word means—(there seems to be something about "frog" and something about "battle" in it)—and why one should be forced to wrestle with it in any case. For it seems a pity that he should waste his sounding Greek on a great Imperial people which, if the sad truth be told, would not be noticeably affected were Aristophanes himself to rise from the dead and write against it. A simpler irony would have served his purpose.

If we explore the nature of his satire with any kind of thoroughness, we shall stumble in the end against this sort of conversation: "Jove, I'll give 'em a joint weddin and christenin present." Here is the heart of the matter, in the two words—"weddin" and "christenin." However much he may tilt at the hypocrisy and the false morality and the stupidity of his people, in these two words and their like is concealed his real venom. He has fixed a gulf between weddin and weddin', between christenin and christenin'—an arbitrary gulf, separating the affected from the colloquial speech: and there is no doubt at all that it all looks vastly satirical. But what is the value of a satire that depends (as Mr. Aldington's does depend to a quite remarkable extent) upon a discarded apostrophe? And as for the dropped *g*, if Mr. Aldington has read his "Paston Letters" he will remember that the landed and semi-landed gentry of England also dropped their *g's* in the fifteenth century. It is quite ancient history.

And perhaps there is nothing very new about the inhabitants of his English village—a catholic but familiar collection: the profiteer baronet, the literary gentleman, the retired colonel, the venomous old lady, the bachelor parson, the Scotch doctor. We have met them all before, on the stage, in comic papers, in all kinds of fiction: and they are all a little battered by time. They have been knocked down so often. But he sets them up again with tremendous care, takes his diabolical aim . . . and the poor creatures bite the dust for the hundredth time. Clad in the armor of righteousness, Mr. Aldington makes a brave show; but he is quite safe. They won't answer him back. They never have. Repartee is not their strong point.

Something about Everything

MOST WOMEN. . . . By ALEC WAUGH. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

"MOST Women . . ." says Alec Waugh, and then proceeds to tell a little something about almost everything under the sun. These stories of women are imbedded deep in personal reminiscences of such imagination-firing and ear-filling places as Chiengmai, Hayti, Penang, Martinique, Villefranche-sur-Mer, Tahiti. But wherever Mr. Waugh goes, there go mystery and romance, and Mr. Waugh finds them. Of one country, he says that it is "distant, strange, mysterious." And that country is these United States of North America.

It is a pleasant and extremely depersonalizing experience to read Alec Waugh on what might be known as "us." He sets out with no grimly determined thesis that Americans are some particular this or that and it's high time the world realized it. He sees us steadily, if not whole, and he finds us—different. And we, seeing ourselves through foreign eyes, find ourselves different, and we become, through his sympathetic observation, not just the economic cogs of M. André Siegfried, or the predigested-culture gobblers of Mr. J. B. Priestley, or the saviors of the human race of Herr Müller-Sturmheim, or even our ordinary roustabout selves. If the book did nothing but place us in Waugh's uncatalogued Marco Polo world it would deserve a patriotic perusal; but it does several other things as well.

"Most Women . . ." is a companion volume to "Hot Countries" in more than format. For, although San Francisco, New Orleans, and New York do figure in the later volume, most of it deals with the same sun-drenched locales as its predecessor and certainly no one has ever denied that women played an important part in "Hot Countries." Just what the present intriguingly unfinished title implies is not easy to decide, for the stories point to no obvious generalizations in regard to women under their skin unless it be that their chief significance is to be found in their relation to man, and that is scarcely peculiar to Mr. Waugh. A good many of them show striking resemblances to those vigorous and unsentimental lady-spiders who refresh themselves, after the fatigues of love, by devouring their lovers, but not all of them. Since Mr. Waugh himself says that he is trying to show how "the same flower will grow differently in different soils . . . and not how the Martinique woman is different from the Malay, or the English woman from the American, but how in different settings, the same emotion will flow differently," there is perhaps no one unchangeable ending for his title.

George Santayana has somewhere said that comparison is a makeshift used by those incapable of understanding the essence of the things compared. A chill saying for the glib travel commentator who finds it sufficient to point out the similarities and dissimilarities to home in any strange environment. Mr. Waugh is unusually free from this tendency. He approaches each new prospect as a thing in itself. He delights in its detail as pertaining to it and not as any phantom doppelgänger of places known before. He sees what is before him, and presents what he sees, with the added increment of his own emotional response to it. Moral and economic considerations are of much less importance to Mr. Waugh than the reason why followers of the Tahitan Atahoe wear a white flower over the right ear before they find love and over the left ear afterwards. But who reads Mr. Waugh for economics or morals?

It is possible that if the Polynesians read Mr. Waugh they might be as surprised at some of his findings as Americans may be at his assumption that American fathers look with pleasant unconcern upon sons who borrow money from women and that the property rights for women here were as equitable sixty years ago as they are today. But it is more probable that the Polynesians would find him, as do we, a zestful expounder of hot countries and women.

Adventures in Self

HALFWAY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By CECIL ROBERTS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

IN taking to autobiography, youth seems to have snatched away the last perquisite of trembling eld. "Half Way," by Cecil Roberts, has the complacency and effrontry of its kind. It is exhibit A by an exhibitionist of the post-Shavian school, facile, jaunty, and callow. This author, at thirty-five, appears to have been somewhat spoiled by a generation that adores facility and jauntiness, and the aspect of callowness called sophistication. You may range him by noting that he is hand in glove with Beverly Nichols to such a degree that we are uncertain whether these two do not admire each other even more than they admire themselves. Both have spent the decade and a half of their majority pushing along in "the writing game," with only determination, impudence, and moderate talents to help them. Cecil Roberts points with pride to the resultant achievement. He has not quite saved the twenty thousand pounds he had hoped for by this date, but is well on his way toward it. He has edited newspapers, written novels, traveled widely, adventured as war correspondent, and done four profitable lecture tours in America. He says sharp things about foreigners who try to lecture over here without any ability to speak in public. He himself, it seems, lectures admirably. The dictum of an American interviewer is quoted with complacency: "He lectures better than he writes, perhaps because it would be impossible for anybody to write better than he lectures." This does not precisely make sense, but has a generous effect of buttering the subject on both sides. A little later, Beverly Nichols is cited *in re* the Roberts nature and genius. The most important thing about him, says Nichols, is his artistic temperament: "You never know, when you ask him to dine, who is going to arrive. It may be Cecil Roberts the poet, who wants melon and an omelette, or Cecil the novelist, who wants a mixed grill, or Cecil the business man, who eats nothing but beefsteak. . . ." This is piffle, but not mincing piffle like the passage in which brother Roberts returns tit for the Nichols tat;

> Beverly openly takes the greatest delight in himself. And why not? He can be chameleonic. One day he is ruined, the next a grand seigneur. . . . But you must admit he is vital. He will touch a piano, and Chopin breathes again; he will talk, and you will know conversation can be an unconscious art; he will suddenly look at you, and the young Shelley stands there to become the next moment a faun stirred by the music of Debussy.

Let me scratch your back, dear brother faun, and you shall scratch mine. My niminy for your piminy. This is Robert's style at its worst. He says a good deal about his search for the *mot juste* and so on, but his manner at best is that of a weather-worn journalist groping among the literary tricks of his time.

Really the basic quality of the book, under its affectation of hardness, is sentimentalism. The autobiographer is sentimental first of all about himself. He never tires of pondering his case, and submitting his conclusions: "I am audacious because I am nervous, fitfully egotistical because I am shy. . . ." Ho hum! It may be true, but who cares? The little Pepyses *à faire* begin to be a bore. This one may have a sure-fire formula for feminine lecture-goers (whom he does not fail to laugh at) the brisk tongue and above it the languishing eye. The tongue is an accident of the calendar, his eye might well be gleaming above

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a set of Victorian whiskers. Even his frankness falls short of the best standards, ancient or modern. He is frank about the fact of divers amorous episodes in his experience, but denies us the details. How can he look his elders in the face, a Moore, or a Dreiser, not to speak of closer contemporaries? And how dares he dwell so insistently on his long devotion to his mother, with his own generation waiting to attach a familiar "complex" label thereto?

Apart from its personal aspect, the book offers much interesting material in the way of sketch, portrait, and anecdote. Cecil Roberts has had many extraordinary adventures. He has had the knack of assisting at some great moments in the world's story. He is one of your born collectors of great names, has the heaven-born faculty of consorting with eminence. One of his best anecdotes is about his first meeting with Bernard Shaw. Roberts was in a London swimming-pool when a recognizable head suddenly popped up from the water, just before him: "Hastily I gasped, 'You are Shaw!'" Whereupon the senior Showman, always on the job, flashed back, "'Young man, I am certain of nothing.' The next moment he had vanished under the water."

The Aged Poet Discourses

HERE by this round-head barrow,
Watching the shadow creep to the rose campion yonder,
I feel the pull of the time-stream. . . .

Long since it sucked from me all my male potency,
Creasing my shrunken belly with wave marks.

Here, in the sun-sleeked silence
My mind is loosed and aloft as an eyas,
Descrying my life in the time-stream,
Flaccid as weed, taking color and motion
From the sea's swindling mystery.

What becomes of that life, pulled free of its reef of being?

Not this body of my members,
But the body of wish and unwish, contacts, repulsions.
. . . There's nothing shores you in like a good hate,
As the scar of a wound holds when the clean flesh sunders.—
Here's all this for which my body is merely the—
The "plant." Exactly.
How you Americans do get a grip on the terms of materiality!
When the plant is duly resolved to salts and gasses
What becomes of the product, adrift in the time-stream
For any lackey of letters to piece into his livry?

Look what the penny curious have done to Shelley!

What was it I read yesterday of Heliodorus,
How he loved roasted turnips,
Or one of his mistresses had a skewed eyebrow?
That sort of thing! intact in the time-stream,
The Continuum, the Something, the Remembers—
Call it God then.
Could God remember the eyebrow of Heliodorus' mistress
And utterly loose Heliodorus out of his consciousness?
Say He forgot the way of a bird's wing in the air
Or my life's smallest instant?
Wouldn't the Universe come crashing together?
Suppose when I go under, some small wares
Loose in my mind's pocket, songs not quite shaped,
The temper I was in about my pudding yesterday,
Do come ashore, to be picked up by a professional ghost raiser,
At a dollar a ghost. . . ?

Totheridge, at the home farm there, lost a son at Ypres.
Corporal with scout detachment. Last thing they heard
Was his high, country sing-song,—
Come on you swine, you! Come— Then the shell burst.
Nothing, not even an eyebrow, recognizable.
Later one of these London mediums gets hold of the boy's mother.

As I understand it the medium runs up his own mind
Like a—what's the term? Aerial? Thank you—
Mixed with a lot of unintelligible patter,
Comes through the boy's name for his first dog,
And a trick his mother used to get him up mornings,
Thick with good country sleep.
But is that the sort of thing
A discarnate intelligence concerns itself about?

Touching Totheridge's case, I admit
After such a storm as this war, there'd be wreckage.
Hours on my quiet lawn, when Totheridge's cows
Form single file at the gatehead, and the round-voiced maids
Come thudding their pails in the dew,
Thoughts of our simple, south country lads
Troop homeward, like doves to their proper cotes.
You've noticed? There's a sadness since
Falling through all the pleasant air of England.

. . . This new concept of Time as the measure of Consciousness
Tracking its way through space . . .
Lying awake at night
Through great arcs of the earth-swing,—
So well have I learned my task of awareness
I need very little sleep to rest me from it—
Death seems merely the notice of disembarcation,
From which we find ourselves
High on the coast of eternal Nowness.

Wouldn't millions of us, if we could,
Scurry back into the time-stream
Like sand hoppers from a high flung wave mark?
Wouldn't we go haunting the spot of our disembarcation,
Familiarly spaced with a past, present, and future?

Yesterday Hernshaw and I
Talked as men talk after forty years of friendship,
As moored boats in a fairway
Jib and fall with a self-same motion,
Talked and were still. All at once, and surely,
I was aware of a Presence, hailing me softly
By an old name and precious.

Hernshaw's rose-slip daughter . . . budded out of his flesh . . .

Twenty years since she left us,
Taking love too hard and life too lightly.
Suddenly, there she stirred, where I was closest,
Inside him. . . .
As a flower unclosing in darkness
Touches the sense by nuances too slight for naming.
"Alice!" I answered.
Hernshaw soothed me, "Alice is dead, you know."
Thinking I maundered.

What's dead, but set free from Time-space?

Where else could she go, by timelessness affrighted
Whom her own time so dismayed?
I remember her first excursions from my chair to his,
Not essaying the path till Hernshaw's hand
Made it warm and familiar . . .
Back from the Now she had slipped to the safe shape of his being.

Shall we be free, indeed, who are not affrighted,
Ranging the centuries as children a brookside?
Or seek by some such compulsion
As drives the sea trout to the waters that spawned him,
Through infinite, curved spaces,
Till we have absorbed all times into ourselves
And so achieved Godhead?

MARY AUSTIN.

Lord Riddell, speaking recently at a literary luncheon in London, declared that he wanted statesmen to write biographies of each other—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill on Mr. MacDonald, and so on. He wants frank character sketches for publication thirty years hence and thinks they would be better than the performances of professional biographers.

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER XXI

Who followed my second and third and last,
As she chased the flying stag,
Though mortal man were never so fast,
Was ever the first to flag.

And all my first would he remain
Till a stricken man he died,
To pay the price of an act profane
While she was speeding over the plain
Or up the mountain side.

And never a man that men shall know
Shall follow her in the chase,
(Though he shoot like the lord of the silver bow)
In a dauntless, desperate race.

Not even my first and second and third
Her glorious paths could tread,
Though he ran with the sweep of a swooping bird
And a step so light that no man heard,
A huntsman born and bred.

In the ocean deeps, on the mountain steeps,
You will look for my whole in vain.
You will find my whole where the prairies roll
Their billows of golden grain.
Where the winds that pass through the waving grass
In the summer whispering low

Shall leap up higher in prairie fire,
Or rise in wrath on the cyclone's path,
And lash the grain with the hurricane
When the wild tornadoes blow.

NUMBER XXII

'Tis a wonder what things they will make us believe,
Those poets without an intent to deceive:
There's one of their sayings from which we might gather
That my first is the sire of his obvious father.

My next an effective protection and shade is
To some kinds of men and to all kinds of ladies.
My whole is a state of comparative purity
Through which we must pass on the road to maturity.

With the charades printed above the Pegasus Perplexing contest comes to a conclusion. Entrants are urged to read the Rules which follow with care before submitting their answers. Only such answers as are postmarked not later than midnight of September tenth will be considered.

Special attention is called to the fact that the Charades in the issue of July 11 were misnumbered. In order to avoid confusion, competitors in submitting answers should number the Charades in the issue of July 4, VIIa and VIIIa, and those in the issue of July 11, VIIb and VIIIb.

It should also be particularly noted that since the answer to Charade Number X in the issue of July 18 had been revealed in the article introducing the Pegasus Perplexing contest, a substitute Charade was presented in the issue of August 1. It should be numbered X.

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine. The last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to the *Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of the *Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of the *Saturday Review*.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

A Geologist's View

SONS OF THE EARTH. By KIRTLEY F. MATHER. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by HOMER P. LITTLE
Clark University

THIS is a brief, readable account of the story of the evolution of man. It is that and more, for the story of man and his immediate ancestors is preceded by the story of "the stream of life" which went before him and is followed by predictions as to his future. The author recognizes that he is on less certain footing in this last portion, yet rightly calls attention to what seem to be lessons which may be drawn from the long geologic past. A feature not often found in books of this type is a chapter on early man in America. Since all this is done in 263 pages of text, it is evident that the treatment must be decidedly cursory. The facts, however, are carefully selected and progressively arranged, so that a well-connected whole is produced and the reader is left with exactly what the author professes to be striving to give—"the geologist's view of history."

There are eight chapters in all, and the best way to give an idea of the scope of the book is to name the chapters which, in order of sequence, are as follows: Mother Earth's Diary, The Stream of Life, The Family Tree of the Higher Vertebrates, Man's Ancestral Lineage, Artists of the Great Ice Age, The First Families of America, The Heritage from Mother Earth, and the Outlook for the Future. Technical terms are almost wholly avoided. In chapter one the author attempts to imbue the reader with the geologist's point of view towards the rocks which compose the earth's crust, the vicissitudes which they have undergone, and the life remains which they contain. This is a serious undertaking to encompass in thirty-two pages, but the reader will emerge with a clear understanding of at least two ideas necessary for a sympathetic reading of the balance of the book—first, that the geologist is justified in considering the earth very old—perhaps a billion years—and second, how fossils are preserved in the rocks. Chapters two, three, four, and seven are an assemblage of tid-bits from the material usually presented in the historical portion of an introductory course in geology, and it is an unresponsive reader indeed who is not fascinated by them. To Mather they represent "The Stream of Life," to Lull the "Pulse of Life," and to Bradley "The Parade of the Living." In chapter five similar tid-bits from the archeology of Europe and particularly of France are presented. In the short space of thirty-six pages the author gives a surprisingly comprehensive and yet clear and readable account of the facts and conclusions regarding the lineage, craftsmanship, and art of pre-historic man in Europe. Naturally, little space can be given to controverted points, but their presence is indicated to the intelligent reader by the free use of "if," "apparently," and "likely."

Chapter six, "The First Families of America," is a welcome inclusion since the subject of early man in America usually gets scant attention when the opportunity to present the more striking facts of Europe is open. The first half of the chapter is concerned with the story of the early civilizations of America and the evidence that "there is no reason for assigning to them any truly great antiquity." The latter half discusses the world migrations of man from the area of his evolution and the possible dates of his arrival in America. The conclusion from this theoretical study is that "the first families of America reached this continent thirty or forty thousand years ago, and *Homo sapiens* has dwelt in America nearly or quite as long as he has lived in western Europe." The final chapter attempts to foresee the probable future of mankind in the light of the long past. "Experience indicates that the trend of events persists from the known past into the predictable future." Certainly the geologist is entitled to have his fling as prophet and with better hope of success than many another prophet! The book closes with the optimistic note with which geologists are inclined to regard the future: "If they (mankind) face the next ten thousand years with intelligence, courage, and high purpose, they will find the resources which they need and will become still more worthy scions of Mother Earth."

The attractiveness of the book is much enhanced by over eighty reproductions of pen and ink sketches which aid much in making unfamiliar facts real. The book is readable as to print and style, and sound as to statement. Many should enjoy it.

A Gentle Soul

SOMETHING BEYOND. A Life Story. By A. F. WEBLING. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE very considerable interest of this book is derived mainly from the fact that its author was for many years intimately a part of the Anglo-Catholic movement in England. Ever since T. S. Eliot forsook the broad-backed hippopotamus for the True Church and lent the renown of his name to Anglo Catholicism, Americans have wondered what there could be in this movement to lead so lucid a thinker to join the pilgrimage toward Rome. If there is little in "Something Beyond" to enlighten them on this point—for Mr. Webling is no philosopher nor claims to be—there is a great deal in the book that will be news to many Americans. That within the Anglican communion there are churches that practice the mass and the confessional, with chapels consecrated to the worship of the Virgin and candles lighted to speed the souls of the departed on their way through purgatory, with members devoutly saying the Rosary and pastors preaching openly the doctrine of transsubstantiation—such extreme tolerance is likely to seem strange, to our narrower cisatlantic minds. As Mr. Webling says, Anglo-Catholicism differs from Roman Catholicism in nothing save that it does not acknowledge the authority of the Pope. Why, having gone so far, one should stumble over this slight acknowledgement, Mr. Webling does not seek to explain; presumably the answer lies in the fact that Popes are never Englishmen. With that limitation at one end, and at the other a pronounced disapproval of avowed atheism, apparently almost any kind of belief can find shelter somewhere within the Church of England. To be sure, Mr. Webling's bishop thought that the doctrine of transubstantiation was taught a little too stridently and felt it necessary to discipline the offending rector—by declining to visit the church on his next pastoral round!

Mr. Webling was not himself this rector; he was a mere curate who had come to his curacy by the strange path of a twelve years' clerkship in a London grocery firm. With disarming modesty and simplicity, the author tells his story; how in his boyhood the family was brought low by the desertion of his father; how he was raised by relatives in the country and came to love the peace of English rural life, with its lanes and hedges, from which he was transplanted by financial necessity to the hated routine of a London office; and how a yearning for freedom, nothing else, led him to enter the Church because the educational requirements of the ministry were more easily surmounted than those of other professions. At least, so he would have us believe; but, as a kindlier or sweeter nature never looked out from the pages of a book, one may suspect that there were other motives which Mr. Webling's modesty will not permit him to emphasize. Then follows the long account of how he was converted to Anglo-Catholicism by the influence of his idealistic friend Hallam whose curate he became and how, when Hallam was succeeded by a religious pedant of the same persuasion, he discovered that he had loved the doctrines not for their own but Halam's sake. A study fo higher criticism showed him that Anglo-Catholic authoritarianism was itself without historical authority, and he left the movement.

His book concludes with what to many will seem a sad anti-climax; his acceptance, on what seems to him indubitable empirical evidence, of the spiritualistic claims of psychical research. It would, however, be an unfeeling critic who would begrudge the gentle soul of Mr. Webling the fresh draughts of consolation which he has found even in those muddy springs. His whole book is a lesson in the old truth that it is the man and not the belief that matters; for, though his beliefs may all be tosh, one is left at the end knowing that it has been a privilege to meet the man.

The University of Oxford

THE GOVERNMENT OF OXFORD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1931.

Reviewed by ABRAHAM FLEXNER
Author of "Universities"

THIS little volume is in every respect a model performance. Dissatisfied with the results achieved at long intervals by Royal Commissions, a voluntary group of forwardlooking college heads and dons have undertaken to describe the constitution of the University of Oxford and the complex inter-relations of the University and the Colleges, and gently to intimate the direction in which reform and growth might perhaps take place. In describing, the Committee raises certain far-reaching questions. Despite the complexity of the University's constitution and mode of operation, in essence the problem can be formulated in simple terms: Oxford began as a University; the colleges began as hostels. In the course of centuries, the Colleges have become autonomous teaching as well as residential institutions; the University has simultaneously decreased in scope, influence, and relative wealth. England will not and should not weaken or destroy the Colleges which educate the flower of the nation: how is it to develop the University as an effective institution for the promotion of learning and the education of larger numbers of men and women above even the high English collegiate level? The English, even the most intelligent and highly educated, possess an almost naïve belief that this is a question which will settle itself, that is, that any person desiring to advance further can somehow find the teacher or make the arrangements needed to help him. Perhaps the "organization" of the American graduate school has frightened Oxford and Cambridge, as well it might. But to the present reviewer two points seem plain: advanced studies will not adequately take care of themselves in England or anywhere else; the errors of the American graduate school can be corrected in America and by that same token can be avoided in Great Britain.

"The Government of Oxford" is obviously not limited in its suggestiveness and appeal to Oxonians or Cantabrigians; its substance ought to be carefully digested by those who in the United States have permitted American universities to become the chaotic things that they now are.

The Institution of Comrades

WHITMAN AND BURROUGHS, COMRADES. By CLARA BARRUS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931.

Reviewed by RANDALL STEWART
Yale University

THIS is, for the most part, a collection of documents with editorial comments appended by Dr. Barrus and by Mr. Clifton J. Furness, whose scholarly contributions would warrant, it seems, the inclusion of his name on the title page. These documents, many here published for the first time, are of various kinds: the Whitman-Burroughs correspondence, letters exchanged by Burroughs and numerous admirers and detractors of Whitman, and a large assortment of miscellaneous writings connected with the history of Whitman's reputation from 1860 to 1930.

Whitman was forty-four, Burroughs twenty-six, when they first met in 1863 in Washington, where Whitman was beginning his work in the war hospitals and Burroughs was a government clerk. Notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, a close friendship developed which continued with increasing mutual affection and without estrangement until Whitman's death in 1892—a concrete embodiment of the poet's "institution of the dear love of comrades." Having assumed at the beginning the role of militant champion of "Leaves of Grass" against all hostile critics, Burroughs continued to expound and defend the book until his death in 1921: a bibliographical appendix lists sixty-five titles which range from book reviews and articles for newspapers and magazines to the longer works, "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person" (1867) and "Whitman: A Study" (1896). Closely allied with O'Connor Bucke, Kennedy, and other "Whitmanites," Burroughs, both in private letters and in published articles, poured volley on volley into the ranks of the enemy. Angered because Emerson had omitted Whitman from his "Parnassus," he was "determined to give Emerson a shot . . . a good raking down would do him good." After reading in the New York *Tribune* an article unfavorable to Whitman by Bayard Taylor, Burroughs wrote to Edward Dowden: "A scalping knife would feel better in my hand than a pen." Lowell, Howells, Curtis, Higginson, and other literary critics who were unsympathetic to Whitman were subjects of caustic comment by Burroughs. But Burroughs's ardor was tempered by an instinctive sanity and poise. It is this quality which distinguishes his writings on Whitman from those by O'Connor and the other "hot little prophets," and which makes his "Whitman: A Study" one of the most valuable books on its subject. In the heat of conflict, he approached the serenity of Whitman himself, who, when Swinburne's apostasy outraged all the members of Whitman's circle except Burroughs, could say with admirable catholicity: "Swinburne is not to be drummed out of all camps because he does not find himself comfortable in our camp."

One of the most interesting aspects of the personal relationship which forms the nucleus of this book is Burroughs's influence on Whitman in the composition of certain poems. Dr. Barrus and Mr. Furness cite several examples. "The Dalliance of the Eagles" owed its genesis to Burroughs's account of the mating of eagles. "With Husky, Haughty Lips, O Sea" grew out of a sojourn near the ocean in company with Burroughs. And in "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," Whitman was indebted to his friend for one of his happiest inspirations—the hermit thrush.

The present work contains much material which does not bear directly on its central theme. One finds, to choose a few items at random, a patriotic defense of Secretary Harlan prepared by the Iowa Historical Society, an exposé of the methods of Anthony Comstock, the story of Whitman and Anne Gilchrist, an account of Whitman's public lectures, much interesting material on the reception of "Leaves of Grass" both in America and in England, some new evidence on the vexed question of Whitman's children. But despite this heterogeneity of materials, the title of the volume is really not a misnomer, so closely was Burroughs identified with the life of his friend and the fortunes of his friend's book.

Burroughs's devotion to Whitman was the greatest enthusiasm of his life. In "Accepting the Universe" (1920), Burroughs wrote: "I look upon Whitman as the greatest personality—not the greatest intellect, but the most symbolical man, the greatest incarnation of mind, heart, and soul, fused and fired by the poetic spirit—that has appeared in the world during the Christian era." The potency of Whitman's influence, however, did not destroy Burroughs's mental integrity. In "The Last Harvest" (1922), he said: "Whitman's indomitable faith [in immortality] I admire, but cannot share. My torch will not kindle at his flame." The individuality of the naturalist was not eclipsed by the cosmic genius of the poet. Indeed, the personality of Burroughs shines in these pages with a peculiar brightness.

"The discovery is said to have been made that puns are coming back into fashion," says the *Manchester Guardian*. "Puns, like roller-skating, seem to have their cycles, and there are always disbelievers, people who, like Carlyle with Charles Lamb, are generally bored by such a 'ghastly make-believe of wit.' Lamb certainly did his best for the pun, and Hazlitt was probably straining a point a little when he said that Lamb's efforts were to be imputed to humility."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Inventing the Steamboat

JAMES RUMSEY, PIONEER OF STEAM NAVIGATION. By ELLA MAY TURNER. Scottsdale, Pennsylvania: Mennonite Publishing House. 1930.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

JAMES Rumsey and John Fitch waged a war of pamphlets, toward the end of the eighteenth century, as to which invented the steamboat, and their partisans have kept the dispute alive ever since. For it is known by all the knowing that Robert Fulton is as little entitled to that great distinction as his partner in the Hudson-Fulton celebration of two decades ago deserves the credit of discovering the river that bears his name. In her monograph on Rumsey, Miss Ella May Turner now presents the many documents in the case. She has found much new material in Washington's Letter Books, still largely unpublished, and more in the Washington Papers, which are mainly letters which he received and which are a mine, long neglected, of documents the most illuminating. She has searched the papers of Jefferson and Madison, and also private collections, here and abroad, which are as numerous as they are recondite. The modest subtitle of her volume is "Pioneer of Steam Navigation"; nowhere does she permit partisanship or special pleading to color her statement. But the case which she—or, rather, her documents—present for Rumsey is quite conclusive.

For Fitch it may be said that he hit upon the more feasible method of propulsion—the paddle wheels later used by Fulton in the *Clermont*. Rumsey got his power by pumping a jet of water out at the stern, a method involving much friction. But Fitch was no mechanic and had only the vaguest ideas as to the application of steam; his engine was so big and heavy, and required so much fuel, that little or no room remained for passengers or freight. Rumsey appears to have been a mechanical inventor of the first order. Owing to his poverty, his first attempt had to be made with an old iron kettle for boiler; but he soon substituted "an entirely new invention," namely a "pipe boiler"—the first tubular boiler—made of a coil of tubes for water with the fire beneath. The saving of fuel Benjamin Rush estimated at seven-eighths and Franklin at nine-tenths, the saving in size and weight of the boiler being in proportion. Finally, Rumsey, as Washington recorded, was busy with his idea in November, 1784; and he made a highly successful trial on the Potomac before a crowd of witnesses in December, 1787, propelling a boat with many passengers for some hours at the rate of four miles an hour. Fitch's experiments were made in 1788 and 1789 and were so far from successful that, abandoning his paddles, he strongly advocated Rumsey's method of "forcing out a Column of Water abaft," varying this with the proposal of a jet of air.

After innumerable and heartbreaking trials Rumsey constructed a larger steamboat of over a hundred tons burden, which in 1792 made a successful trip on the English Thames at the rate of four knots an hour; but on the eve of his triumph he died of a stroke.

Fulton had the inestimable advantage of a wealthy and loyal patron and of a knowledge of the methods of Fitch and Rumsey. But after ten years' labor the speed he achieved, in 1803, was less than three miles an hour—as against Rumsey's four miles in 1787. The only credit to which Fulton is properly entitled is that of making the steamboat available commercially. Few who read the documents Miss Turner has assembled will doubt that Rumsey was as capable of doing this, and in a much shorter time.

Rumsey's character was so vigorous and striking, his genius so original, and the task to which he addressed himself was of such vast historic importance, that one can only regret that Miss Turner has not oftener abandoned her strictly documentary method for critical interpretation both of the man and of his achievements. It was the lordly reaches of our navigable waterways that gave birth to the steamboat, together with the importance of a free play of commerce as promoting our national union, then in its earliest and most perilous stages. Rumsey's first patron was George Washington; and Washington's prime interest, as his diary of 1784 shows, was to prevent the secession of the region beyond the Alleghanies by binding it to the seaboard with the ties of commerce. As yet there was no question of steam. Rumsey did, indeed, suggest the possibility; but Washington dismissed it as being (as he later put it in one of his rarely felicitous phrases) "an ebullition of his genius." The boat then in question, as explained in the statements of both Washington and Rumsey, was of truly amazing originality. It used the downrush of the Potomac, working into the boat by paddle-wheels, to operate punting poles; these, by thrusting against the bottom, jabbed the craft and its load forward. Again and again Washington deposed that he had seen this boat operate, and on his hopes of it he largely based his efforts to make of the Potomac "a waterway wide and smooth" over the mountains to the Ohio.

Few personal histories are as appealing as that of this long-neglected inventor. He first emerges on the Potomac as "Crazy Rumsey." Generously befriended by the two leading characters of the new Republic, and by prominent men abroad, he struggled tirelessly against the lack of mechanical resources in both countries, and against the marked coldness of the inventor of the condensing steam-engine, James Watt. The best solder he could get melted in spots, which had to be stopped as best they could with rag bandages. Backers backed the wrong way, and he had to flee the bailiff and the debtors' prison. During his absence, careless mechanics allowed his precious engine to rust inside. On the eve of his great trial on the Thames, an autocratic ignoramus forced him to leave a safe mooring and anchor in the stream. When the tide subsided, *The Columbian Maid* sank on the upturned fluke of an anchor and had her bottom stove in: the precious machinery lay submerged and rusting for days. And then, when success and financial succor seemed certain, came the stroke of death. Miss Turner is much concerned with the question of marble monuments. Rumsey's true fame is that of the most brilliant pioneer of the steamboat, and of the commercial development which alone, quite as Washington foresaw, could safeguard the new Republic against disunion.

Distorted Reflections

THE MIRRORS OF 1932. Anonymous. With Cartoons by Cesare. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

ALL the Presidential possibilities for next year are even worse than you had thought—all except one. Herbert Hoover is "fretful and feeble." Moreover, his reading is "wholly disorganized. One week he devours all discoverable data on Egyptian pyramids, and the next he studies the history of a forgotten tribe of African head-hunters." Alfred E. Smith has been spoiled by high life. He "has grown fat, physically and intellectually." Calvin Coolidge "was quite without civic conscience." What he is seems to be unmentionable. Franklin D. Roosevelt "is not dependable." He is a "political cavorter." Dwight W. Morrow is "a curious and contemplative fellow rather than a doer." Joseph T. Robinson's "keenest lack is purpose and originality." Albert C. Ritchie is "the apostle of the primitive." Owen D. Young is "a most artful and attractive propagandist." Gifford Pinchot "has been at all times a supreme showman, sometimes sincere, but always unstable."

The one Presidential possibility who stands out among his fellows like a giant among pygmies is — Newton D. Baker. Take it from Mr.—or Messrs.—Anonymous. He is humble and honest. He is practical, even hard-boiled, yet he says of himself: "I am a dreamer of dreams." How does it come that, in a mirror which makes everybody else look like a clown or a villain or both, Mr. Baker has the appearance of a decent citizen? It is a mystery, and the mystery is the deeper in that Mr. Baker, even as reflected in a friendly mirror, has said and done things which, if said and done by any of the others in the procession, would have made them look like thirty cents. If the exceptional treatment accorded the Ohioan had been given to the rest, the result would have been both a more interesting and more trustworthy book. For if the jacket is ludicrously mistaken in saying that it treats its illustrious subjects or victims "with the detachment of history," it is well within the truth in adding, "and the disparagement of contemporary personal journalism."

How far that disparagement is carried may be illustrated by the close of the chapter on Senator Morrow, which relates an anecdote that is declared to "furnish some clew to the conflicting chapters of his career and character." The anecdote is one said to be told by Mr. Morrow himself. A Scotsman was unable to find his railroad ticket. When it was discovered between his lips, his friends poked fun at him for his droll absent-mindedness. "You domn fools," he replied, "I was sucking off the date." Just what "clew to the conflicting chapters" of Mr. Morrow's career and character does this moral tale furnish? Does it reveal an irresistible tendency to "beat" his way through life? Or is there any point in the telling it at all?

There are palpable hits in the various chapters, there is alliterative epigram of a sort, and there are a few good stories, but the edge of the whole thing is dulled by the tone of almost uniform disparagement. The net effect is that of mud throwing rather than cool appraisal, but the obvious aim of the author is to score a *succès de scandale*, for which, however, he lacked material. Some of his reasoning is absurd, being based upon non-existent "facts." Thus he thinks that life has been unkind to Mr. Hoover. "It gave him easy and excessive wealth too early. Had he mingled with the gang, and learned to fight, he might be a more effective figure." Shades of the Stanford University campus! On the other hand, when he says that Gifford Pinchot "issues statements to the press which are almost as ungrammatical as Mr. Hoover's," he scores doubly. The book is a mixture of knowledge, insight, cheap cleverness, cynical claptrap, and literary facility. It would amuse and shock more often if it did not try to do both continually.

Allan Monkhouse, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, states:

"A writer in the *Publisher and Bookseller* says: 'It must be agreed that there has never been a time, at any rate for many decades, when dissatisfaction with reviewing was so general.' I don't believe it, so it isn't agreed. There is always, of course, a good deal of dissatisfaction with reviewing, mainly because there are so many bad books written by people who want to be praised. There seems to be a notion that the fate of a new book is settled at London literary parties, where reprehensible arrangements are made between authors and reviewers. Well, this kind of thing is always said, and doubtless there is a little of what is called logrolling. . . . Of course there are seedy people on the fringes of every trade or profession, but I can affirm with confidence that spiteful or venal reviews of books, in decent papers and periodicals are very rare; as an author I have suffered a good deal from reviewers in my time, but out of many hundred reviews I could hardly point to one that I should qualify with such adjectives."

F. O. MANN

who is the author of an extraordinary novel which he calls "the memoirs of a belated Victorian."

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Some Recent Fiction

An Undistinguished Life

MR. LINE. By L. A. PAVEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $2.

MR. PAVEY has evidently set himself the problem of exploring the interest that may lie in the average man, leading a commonplace and colorless life. He takes a Mr. Line, a minor English Civil servant, resident in a London suburb, a husband and father, and a veteran of the war of 1914. Mr. Line is earning four hundred and seventy-two pounds sixteen shillings; barring unpredictable calamities, he will never receive less or very much more; he will grind along his chosen groove until he is superannuated and put on the pension list. So far, so good; Mr. Pavey has certainly taken an ideal subject for his demonstration.

The difficulty comes in actually showing the rich interest in this life which appears so dull; and the difficulty becomes enormous because of the author's conscientiousness. It will not do to show Mr. Line as eating out his heart in yearning for adventure, because the strictly average Civil Servant in early middle life probably does not yearn very strongly for anything different and strange: accordingly Mr. Line is shown as candidly admitting to himself that he has never taken risks, and that he has never liked risks, and that he is therefore well off where he is. It will not do, similarly, to show Mr. Line as a mute Milton, or as having a very unusual inner life of any kind, because the average Civil servant, by definition, does not cherish any very unusual thoughts; and the author faithfully shows Mr. Line as pleasant, mildly thoughtful, given to the desultory speculations that must occur to every one, but as quite an ordinary, contented, every-day sort of fellow after all.

Even the interest that does evidently lie in Mr. Line's life hardly comes through the over-careful writing. We receive almost no idea of Mrs. Line, or of the child as a person in himself (though Mr. Line's wonder at his own paternity is recorded, in the most general terms); we do not see what the house looked like, or what books Mr. Line read, or anything that would help us to grasp him. The author has kept so strictly to the inside of Mr. Line's mind that for all his trouble we never see Mr. Line as a man in the world. This failure of the book to make its effect seems to be the result, not of a want of skill in the author, but of a fundamental impossibility in the aim. You cannot carefully show a life as dull, and at the same time make it interesting. Apparently the author has been carried off by the idea that any man, who breathes and begets children and has a part in the web of civilization, is a thrillingly interesting object; and so in a sense he is, but that is an interest we feel only by flashes in the people we see in the flesh, and there is no genius who can rely on that alone for three hundred pages. Or else the author has been struck by the fact that any life is interesting to the one who leads it; that also is true, but that is an interest that cannot be transmitted; there is savor in eating, but not in watching some one else eat. It is a pity that Mr. Pavey has in this book wasted obvious gifts of sensitiveness and honesty on a project that could not succeed, for his very talents are the measure of his failure. He has set himself to describe a dull life, and he has with infinite pains written a dull book.

Life's Toll

A NIGHT OF DEATH. By MARIE BREGENDAHL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.

IT is a night of death and birth, of fear and knowledge. The surface of life is laid back and one gazes, through the startled eyes of childhood, deep into the wound. Miss Bregendahl has created an emotionally bounded eddy in time's flow where events become gigantic and grotesque through having no usual routine through which to measure them. For the group of children who feel without understanding the ominous happenings of that night a customary world is thrown out of joint, they are abandoned to savorless forbidden fruits shut out from the secret activity of that room where life and death are having their familiar way with man.

The story opens with the busy daytime round in the farmhouse kitchen. Anne Graham, "near her time," sits in the sunny room preparing food for the workers in the field and for the seven little children who soon come in. This scene bright with warm daylight, noisy with happy young voices, has about it the peace and plentitude of domestic interiors in Dutch and Swedish paintings. Contentment here seems impregnable. When every chink and cranny is filled with the known and the expected, what chance is there for the unusual?

Yet less than an hour later the first hint of the difference comes. The children are sent to their grandmother's to play; they find that their grandmother is not at home; they learn that their mother is ill. There is a certain obscure familiarity in this for the older children. Has it not happened before? When a new brother or sister came? An uneasiness invades the group. Play loses its charm.

Within the house, the women move about disturbed. Something out of the ordinary here. Used to unattended labor as they are, they begin to want a doctor. But Anne Graham is adamant. She can and will suffer anything, but she dare not have a physician. Has she not heard a voice in a dream say that if the doctor comes it means death? There are no arguments against dreams.

From without, the troubled children observe the arrival of the midwife with her ominous black bag. Later, it is growing dark, they see the old farm hand sitting ready in the carriage, waiting the signal that Anne Graham has consented to a call for the doctor. The night wears slowly on. There can be but one outcome. The emotional strain intensifies. The scene shifts from the bewildered children to the frantic women round the bed. The clock grows shrill. "Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock."

The book is not flawless. There are interruptions and asides that interfere with the smooth flow of the dark certainty that slowly engulfs the children. In places, the conversations and by-the-way expositions have a stilted quality (which may, perhaps, come from the translation). But a "Night of Death" stands clear and beautiful above the mass of current fiction. It is a book not dependent upon dates; twenty years ago, twenty years from now, the dim apprehension of the ruthless toll creation takes, was and will be the same to young minds. Marie Bregendahl has individualized this apprehension for whatever day.

A Partial Omnibus

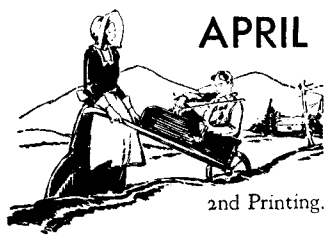
VIENNESE NOVELETTES. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. With illustrations by KURT WIESE. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $2.50.

THIS book is a collection of some of the best of Schnitzler's "Novellen." There are conspicuous omissions. It deserves notice because of Professor Otto Schinnever's discerning Introduction, which gives a surprisingly comprehensive and penetrating account of the whole canon of Schnitzler's writing, of Schnitzler the man, and Schnitzler, the Viennese. It will be widely welcomed by many who admire the author and who love pre-war Vienna.

Dr. Arthur Cowley, who has been librarian of the Bodleian Library since 1919, retired last month. He had been connected with the Bodleian for nearly forty years. There have been only thirteen librarians since the library was founded, late in the sixteenth century.

5 GREAT BOOKS

THURSDAY APRIL



2nd Printing.

By ALBERTA PIERSON HANNUM

"The undeniable beauty of *THURSDAY APRIL* lies in the story itself and in the pure, dramatic quality of the situations. There are a moving depth and reality, a convincing and deeply moving climax. *Thursday April* has great merit and originality. Its characters are drawn with intense reality"—*The N. Y. Times.* $2.50

THE DELICATE SITUATION

By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

"A really delightful tale with a quality not easily forgotten."—*The N. Y. Herald-Tribune.* "Delightfully done. It is nothing less than a gem."—HARRY HANSEN. $2.50

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR EDMUND GOSSE

By THE HON. E. CHARTERIS, K.C.

"This is a substantial book, but it is one of the few biographies I have read of which I have thought, after finishing it, that I wished it had been twice as long."—J. C. SQUIRE.

22 illustrations. $5.00

THE PRINCE OF SCANDAL

By GRACE E. THOMPSON

The story of George the Fourth, of his amours and mistresses. Gayest and cruelest Lothario who ever graced the throne of England, George IV is a striking subject for the modern biographer. "A feast of good reading and good writing."

—*London Observer.* $4.00

The Harper $10,000 Prize Novel

BROTHERS IN THE WEST
BY ROBERT RAYNOLDS

"A richly human, deeply emotional novel of the lives of two brothers on the Western prairies in the days when the first steps were taken by white men to start communities in the wilderness."—HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World Telegram.* "A novel that is unabashedly romantic, aglow with a strange mystic poetry of the mountains."—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune.* "This is a tale heady with strong wind and recklessness."—*N. Y. American.* "A lavishly poetical picture of reckless adventure and sturdy pioneering in a craggy, remote and glamorous country."—*N. Y. Post.* $2.50

By the Author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings"

MAN'S OWN SHOW: CIVILIZATION BY GEORGE A. DORSEY

In these fascinating pages Dr. Dorsey begins where "Why We Behave" left off and unrolls the strange story of man to show you *why* you are *what* you are today—physically, mentally, morally and socially—and what you may become. "Combines vast and varied learning with shrewd personal observations of man's habits and beliefs."—JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON. 977 absorbing pages. $5.00

September Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

SUSAN SPRAY BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

"The climax of Sheila Kaye-Smith's career."—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY in *the Book-of-the-Month Club News.* "The most successful of her novels since 'Joanna Godden. The mingling of primitive strains in Susan Spray's character, the ascetic and the voluptuous in particular, as well as her power of turning natural desire into inspired performance, are impressively depicted."—*The London Times* $2.50

September Selection of the Literary Guild

JOHN HENRY BY ROARK BRADFORD

In this new novel of a black Hercules, as in *Ol' Man Adam* and *Ol' King David*, there is the imaginative quality, a rhythm and a swing, and a racy, whole-souled humor which has endeared Bradford to the American reading public. *Illustrated with 25 wood-cuts by J. J Lankes.* $2.50

THE OPENING OF A DOOR
BY GEORGE DAVIS

"This novel is a high achievement in creative literature, worthy to rank with the best of its time. Here, from amid the multiplicity of new novels, is one to buy, to experience, and to preserve. With its appearance a new American novelist of importance swims into our ken."—*N. Y. Times.* 3RD PRINTING. $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS • NEW YORK

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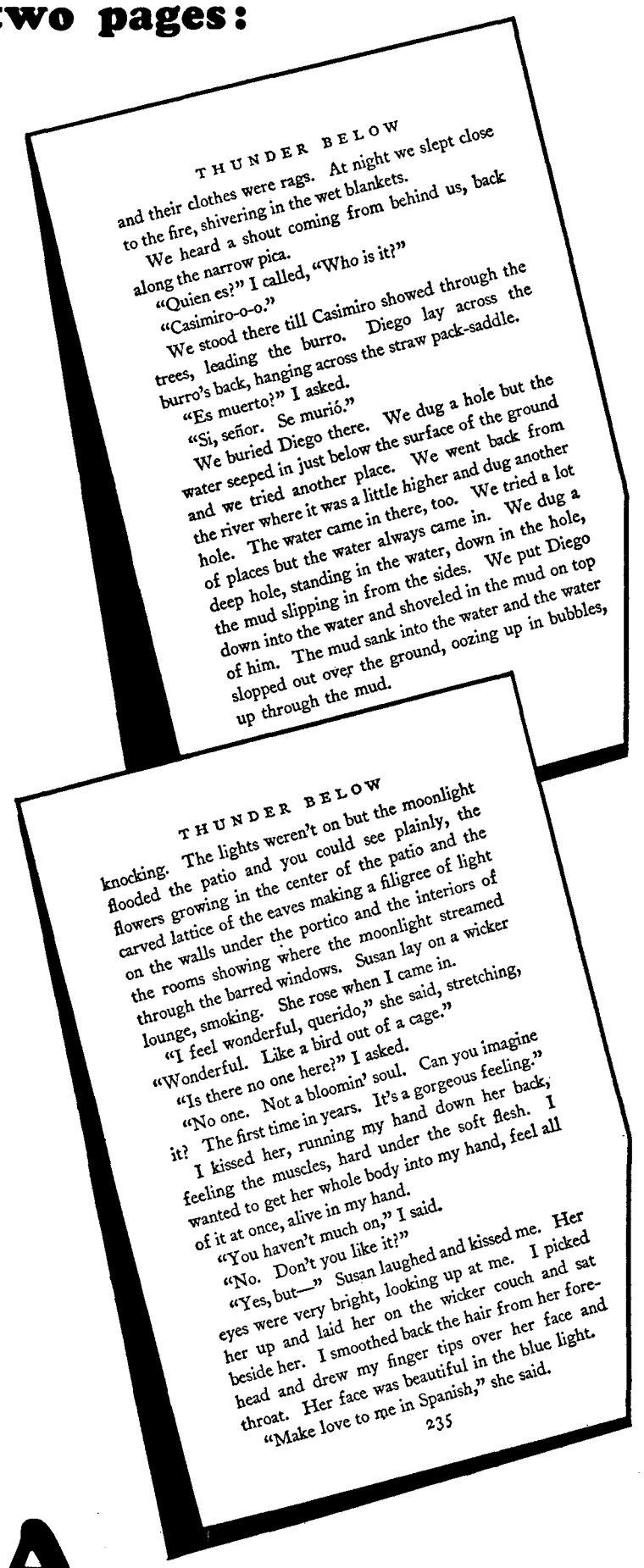
Many people in the trade think that THUNDER BELOW will be the most discussed book of the year. Here are two pages:



THUNDER BELOW

and their clothes were rags. At night we slept close to the fire, shivering in the wet blankets.

We heard a shout coming from behind us, back along the narrow pica.

"Quien es?" I called, "Who is it?"

"Casimiro-o-o."

We stood there till Casimiro showed through the trees, leading the burro. Diego lay across the burro's back, hanging across the straw pack-saddle.

"Es muerto?" I asked.

"Si, señor. Se murió."

We buried Diego there. We dug a hole but the water seeped in just below the surface of the ground and we tried another place. We went back from the river where it was a little higher and dug another hole. The water came in there, too. We tried a lot of places but the water always came in. We dug a deep hole, standing in the water, down in the hole, the mud slipping in from the sides. We put Diego down into the water and shoveled in the mud on top of him. The mud sank into the water and the water slopped out over the ground, oozing up in bubbles, up through the mud.

THUNDER BELOW

knocking. The lights weren't on but the moonlight flooded the patio and you could see plainly, the flowers growing in the center of the patio and the carved lattice of the eaves making a filigree of light on the walls under the portico and the interiors of the rooms showing where the moonlight streamed through the barred windows. Susan lay on a wicker lounge, smoking. She rose when I came in.

"I feel wonderful, querido," she said, stretching, "Wonderful. Like a bird out of a cage."

"Is there no one here?" I asked.

"No one. Not a bloomin' soul. Can you imagine it? The first time in years. It's a gorgeous feeling."

I kissed her, running my hand down her back, feeling the muscles, hard under the soft flesh. I wanted to get her whole body into my hand, feel all of it at once, alive in my hand.

"You haven't much on," I said.

"No. Don't you like it?"

"Yes, but—" Susan laughed and kissed me. Her eyes were very bright, looking up at me. I picked her up and laid her on the wicker couch and sat beside her. I smoothed back the hair from her forehead and drew my finger tips over her face and throat. Her face was beautiful in the blue light.

"Make love to me in Spanish," she said.

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A story of the tropics, characterized by the publishers as the most powerful first novel that has come to them. A group of Americans in Central America, at their perilous work and riotous play, and one extraordinary woman among them. Some of the advance comments: "A treat . . . an astonishing novel . . . a ten-strike." [John Kidd, bookseller]. "Excellent, virile, interesting. Fine performance." [American News Co.] "Extraordinarily good writing — thrilling story — more vital than anything I have read this year." [Pat Hunt's Bookshop]. "Startling . . . In Susan he has created one of the most arresting figures in modern fiction." [Sara Haardt Mencken].

THUNDER BELOW

by THOMAS ROURKE

Out Monday ▼ $2.50 ▼ Farrar & Rinehart

A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

ALFRED JOLIVET had access to the unpublished Correspondence of Strindberg, and made full use of it in his book on "Le Théâtre de Strindberg" (Boivin). To all intents and purposes, it is a completely new Life of the great Swede. It has been hailed as one of the most important and comprehensive works on the relation between recent Northern literatures and others that has been published in recent years. M. Jolivet is the Sorbonne professor of Scandinavian languages and literature. But his book is neither a student's manual nor a professor's dissertation. He penetrates pityingly, lovingly, reverently, into the recesses of Strindberg's mental labyrinth, and follows its sinuosities with a care and patience not unmixed with flashes of intuitive penetration or deserved severity. Strindberg's was a feminine mind. He could rarely write except under a foreign impulse, an external shock; he required a "starter," and generally found it in the French literature of his time. This is one of Mr. Jolivet's discoveries. His "Strindberg" stamps him as a critic of international rank.

Grasset's series, "Le Tour du Monde," includes three books by Paul Morand, three by Claude Anet, two by André Malraux, and three by Alain Gerbault. None of them is of higher quality than Jacques de Lacretelle's "Demi Dieu, ou le Voyage en Grèce". Some fragments as, for instance, the last pages of chapter VII "Retour en Attique," ring with the calmly deep and authentic accent of a confession of intellectual faith. I wish I could quote them in full.

Sorry, but I cannot speak of Marcel Aymé's "Un Vaurien" (Gallimard) as favorably as I spoke of his two former volumes, "La Table aux Crèves" and "Brulebois." It is a book for neurologists, full of silly cruelties and crudities.

Marmouset's "Mal Loti" recalls but faintly his delightful "Au Lion Tranquille," which was considered as a masterpiece of its kind. The author, a printer by trade, working at the Imprimerie Nationale, is such a true representative of the Parisian skilled workman and has such a command of the popular language of our time that whatever he writes has the value of a social document.

Those who have read Léon Bopp's excellent study of "Amiel" and his novel "Le Crime d'Alexandre Lenoir," will not fail to dip into "Est Il Sage, Est Il Fou?" (Gallimard) and will return, laden with original suggestions as to the explicability of man as a thinking machine.

Emile Henroit is *Le Temps's* weekly chronicler of literary novelties and discoveries, and also a novelist of no mean repute. "Aricie Brun" was some years ago awarded the annual Prix du Roman by the French Academy. His "Occasions Perdues" (Plon) is the story of that type of young Frenchmen, disciples of Barrès, who were wiped out of existence by the war. Liberal, high-minded, romantic, and sensualists, they were hostile to the easy going hedonism of their fathers, but unprepared for the savage conflicts, moral and material, that awaited their younger brothers. With them has disappeared the pathetically abortive generation born in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties. "Occasions Perdues" is, in a sense a *roman à clef*. Charras is evidently Maurice Barrès; the Princess d'Arène, Mme de Noailles, etc. But the book far transcends its value as a document, were it only on account of the two principal feminine characters: Jeanne Heylesse and Thérèse Aubier.

I have been asked to mention at least one book of adventures, original or translated, having the fourfold merit of novelty, truthfulness, literary value, and complete innocuousness. I can name two, both by the same author, Lars Hansen, a Norwegian skipper and polar hunter. One is called "Aux Prises avec le Spitzberg" and the other "Un Fils de la Mer," both recently published in French by Crès and Cie, and immediately recognized as belonging to the best in the *genre*.

Have you heard of René Benjamin's "Barrès et Joffre" (Plon)? We all thought it impossible to add anything to the mass of literature published about Joffre before and after his death. And now comes Benjamin with his short and crisp "Sept Paroles du Maréchal" which almost obliterates all other sketches of "Le Père Joffre." Are these short forty pages yet untranslated? The Essay on Barrès is longer but also intensely alive and witty, as is whatever comes from René Benjamin's pen.

In "Dialogue entre Deux Mondes" (Revue Française) M. Gérard de Catalogne has collected, prefaced, and classified the answers to his enquiry concerning America, already published in *Le Figaro*. It is a most useful symposium of the most recent fit of reciprocal obsession affecting Europe and America. It contains, scattered in its pages, the durable portion of an otherwise futile controversy.

"La Vie Pathétique de Dostoievsky," by André Levinson (Plon), is well worth reading on account of the many new Russian documents, yet untranslated, which he has been able to utilize (especially the two volumes of "Letters" published by the *Goscisdat* or State Editions of Moscow). Mr. Levinson has been charged with exaggerating the accusation of a specially infamous crime which Dostoievsky levelled against himself in his fits of self-abasement; but who can now decide? A Russian by birth, Mr. Levinson has a good command of the French language, but it is a foreigner's command. In other words he writes in my own language about as well as I write in yours, which is not saying very much.

"Vol de Nuit," Antoine de St Exupèry (Gallimard), with a preface by André Gide, is a short masterpiece. The author is a well known aviator. It is the story of a night at headquarters in the Buenos Ayres offices of a commercial air-line. It relates how Fabian was caught and lost in a cyclone, and how Riviére, his chief and friend, sacrificed the sanctity of a human sorrow to an almost inhuman task and duty. It is written without sentimentality in a businesslike and technical language that makes the tragedy doubly tragic.

Of François Mauriac's "Souffrances et Bonheur du Chretien" (Grasset) I can say nothing more than the title and the name of the author will lead you to expect. As a novelist, François Mauriac is our best interpreter of the impact between Catholic Christianity and modern life.

You are aware, of course, that the second volume of Marcel Proust's "Correspondance," published by Robert Proust and Paul Brach and containing his letters to Madame de Noailles, has just now been published by Plon.

In "Reviser les Traités?" M. G. Roux gives his reasons from the French point of view for a general revision of the Versailles treaties. Cogent reasons, cunningly presented. But the French point of view is not favorable to that sort of pleading.

Jean France was for more than thirty years an important official of the Sûreté Générale or Central State Police. His book on "Ligues et Complots" (Gallimard) is made not only of personal reminiscences but contains some of the very stuff of history.

"La Tragédie des Dardanelles," by Edmond Delage (Grasset), like the "Battle of Jutland," by the same, would not have been so keenly discussed by naval experts if, on account of its literary merits, trenchancy, coherence, lucidity it did not appeal to a much wider public. Edmond Delage, of the *Temps*—remember that name.

"De Roosevelt à Hoover," by Firmin Roz, is one of those well written, reliable documentary books which have made of their author an authority on American affairs, as witness his many articles in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Marcelle Auclair's "Anne Fauvet" (Gallimard) is the old story of an escape, a narrow escape from the prison of provincial and familial tyranny into a freer world. I would not mention it if Anne were not exceptionally convincing. The whole book rings true, in spite of its hackneyed theme.

In connection with the Colonial Exhibition now being held in Paris, it is interesting to know that a new Pierre Mille on Morocco "Chez les Fils de L'Ombre et du Soleil" has just been published by Firmin Didot. Pierre Mille was a pioneer of colonial literature at a time when exoticism had not become a craze. He is our Kipling, and also, in a sense, our Dickens for he endows even silhouettes and caricatures with a life of their own. This last book of his is the last word on the triumph of assimilation and penetration accomplished in Morocco.

The second volume ("Le Théâtre Profane") of "Le Théâtre en France au Moyen Age," by Gustave Cohen (Rieder), needs no introduction. It is the work of a master who does not disdain to make himself accessible to all and knows how to render discoveries as intelligible as commonplaces. For book collectors, I note that of the sixty excellent plates illustrating that dollar book, the fiftieth is unnumbered, in the first print.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

MAKERS OF EUROPE. By ROBERT SEYMOUR-CONWAY. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1931.

Surely this is a pretentious title for a volume of some eighty pages, consisting of four lectures on Cæsar, Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. Yet there can be no doubt that the author takes the influence of these men very seriously. Cæsar he regards as useful chiefly because he destroyed the rotten régime that preceded him, but to the others "our debt is wholly of good." Cicero was the lonely prophet of the enlightened government of the empire whose heroic death was a "necessity for the political salvation of the world." The extent of Professor Conway's belief in the beneficent power of his other heroes may be judged by the remark, "no reasonable mind can doubt that those great writers [Virgil, Horace, and Livy] were the source and center of what was good in the new Empire." We fear that many minds whose owners like to think they are reasonable can doubt this in spite of considerable acquaintance with the literary lights of the Augustan Age and great fondness for them.

It would require long and careful demonstration and a deal of new evidence to make good the proposition that Augustus's character was formed by the poets of his circle, but here we have a discussion so slight that one wonders what is the justification for its publication. Except that it shows wider reading, the performance is not beyond the capacity of a good undergraduate and, especially in view of the fact that much of the material has appeared in other articles by the same author, it seems that we owe this book to the dreadful mistake of modern scholarship which holds that everything a man knows ought to be in print.

Drama

SCENERY. By HAROLD HELVENSTON. Stamford University Press. 1931.

Here is another manual of scene design intended for producers working with the little theatre, the high school, the university, or the dramatic club. It is copiously illustrated and attempts to present in terms of the theatre the theory of stage design together with its practical application. Unfortunately both the presentation of the subject matter and the choice of illustrations are unhappy and subject the author to severe criticism. It is quite true that Mr. Helvenston's "method for the evolution of the stage setting through its many phases" is "written from a point of view that has worked," but, because of certain acknowledgements and many confused explanations, it is almost too obvious that this point of view is not entirely understood by the author. The illustrative plates are numerous yet hardly worth considering for the author subordinates to his own, by number and by size of reproduction, the only worthwhile illustrations in the volume, sketches by prominent American designers. This is an unwise gesture for in it Mr. Helvenston confuses the issue, displaying an amusingly demonstrative conceit, and, in his own designs, a frightfully annoying lack of originality.

Because of the possible influence this book may have upon little theatre producers and designers it seems necessary to advise that it is not to be taken too seriously, for 'Scenery" is at best just another book that will puzzle the amateur.

Fiction

CHILDREN AND OLDER PEOPLE. By RUTH SUCKOW. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

An honest and able writer, Ruth Suckow has given us another volume of very readable stories. The author is at her best in short stories, and a number in this volume show an advance over her previous work. Miss Suckow is a realist whose realism is of the literal variety—perhaps too much so—but she can create living characters and make them move in striking and original scenes. None of the stories in this volume could be called masterly or exceptionally profound, but some of them are exceedingly good. All of them are something more than mere incidents or sketches.

One story, "Sunset Camp," tells of two old people who are beginning to have a well-earned rest and a "good time." Mrs. Grobaty and her husband are living in a tourist camp in Southern California, and Mrs. Grobaty spends the early morning, while she waits for "him" to get out of bed, visiting their neighbors or reflecting on the differences between her present life and her life on an Iowa farm. She goes to a nearby cabin to make the young people there a gift of some corn "gems," and is shocked by some rowdy goings-on she discovers, or thinks she discovers. But she rebels against her conscience—"She didn't know as she was called upon to make up her mind about everybody" — and settles back into the mood of appreciating the fine air and the flowers and the good things to eat and drink. After all, "They might as well enjoy what they could," and the young people were certainly likable and friendly.

Another is the story of a woman's frustration in love. Mrs. Kemper had two sons, and her husband was kind and often seemed to have a distant affection for her, but he never quite convinced his wife—she was timid anyway—that he really cared for her. "Isn't she a bedraggled-looking piece?" was what the other women said, watching her. And she was bedraggled and unsure of herself and unable to think of all the things in her house—or even her sons—as quite her own, because her husband was too close-mouthed to tell her he loved her. Mrs. Kemper was miserable, yet other people envied her.

There are many other stories, of "children and older people," as the title states, centering on little incidents like this, and all (or almost all) moving and forceful. Miss Suckow accepts her people in their utter commonplaceness, presenting them to us in vivid detail. She has not ironed all the little roughnesses out of her work, but her stories are invariably sensitive and full of vigor.

History

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF ROME. By DUNBAR VON KALCKREUTH. Translated from the German by CAROLINE FREDERICK. Knopf. 1931. $5.

The Eternal City has a history whose richness and continuity are unique. Her older rivals have disappeared, her younger ones have been the stage for no such succession of mighty dramas. To most people one aspect or another of Rome's life is familiar: very few are even casually acquainted with the whole story. The author of this book, as the title shows, has attempted to survey the history of Rome from its foundation by Latin shepherds until the present. His work shows great industry but unfortunately, other and more important qualities are lacking. Obviously, if so enormous a theme is to be completed in 275 pages the most rigid selection is necessary. But so great is the author's reluctance to leave out details that in the eighteen pages devoted to the years 133-71 B. C. he tries to mention every person and every event of importance. This results in a most fatiguing catalogue of facts where the entrances and exits are abrupt in the extreme.

Since this excess of data must be compensated for, later characters like Leo the Great and Alaric are ignored entirely—Nero, Diocletian, and Constantine are represented only by reference to their baths. The device of using a disconnected series of dramatic episodes would, of course, be perfectly defensible, but these episodes are not dramatic. Occasionally we are asked to accompany fictitious persons about the Rome of their day, but they always turn out to be mere professional guides whose depressing plethora of information has, as in the case of other guides, its moments of inaccuracy.

The chapters are accompanied by sketch maps of the city at the different epochs. This is a very good idea but it is badly carried out. The various monuments are labelled, to be sure, but often there is no information about them except the name. For example, when the reader sees with some surprise the palace of Belisarius in Rome, A. D. 450 (Belisarius having entered Rome in 536) there is nothing in the text to tell him how it got there. Even the fifty pages of notes do not begin to clear up all the questions which the book raises. To cover the ground it sets out to cover, it ought to have been at least three times as long.

Juvenile

THE MAGIC RUG. By INGRI and EDGAR PARIN D'AULAIRE. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

Here is a book whose simple chronicle of a magic rug which wafted two children to Africa serves as an excuse for incidental description of town and desert and offers opportunity for gay and interesting illustrations. Its pictures are, indeed, the striking feature of the volume to which lend it both originality and distinction. Reproduced directly from the artist's drawings in stone, they produce the effects of crayons with their clear colors and soft surfaces. Some of them are spirited sketches with many hues and varied detail, others sharply defined designs achieved with few lines, and in two or at most three tones. The grotesque figures we find less successful than the more conventional ones, but they will doubtless appeal to the childish eye. Altogether the book is one which should please the very young reader, and the child too young to read.

PETER'S VOYAGES. By ELSA BESKOW. English Verses by Rita Scherman. Knopf. 1931. $2.

This translation of a simple little tale of adventure, told in verse, which has been translated into English and furnished with lively and amusing color illustrations, is a pleasing book to set before a child of tender years. Its rhymes have sufficient fluency and its story enough interesting incident to hold the young reader's attention, while its pictures, spirited in execution and dainty in hue, will appeal to those too young to read the text for themselves. It should be a favorite with small folk.

THE GREEDY GOAT. By EMMA L. BROCK. Knopf. 1931. $1.75.

A gay and charming little book, recounting the adventures of a mischievous goat beloved of a Tyrolean peasant family. Its tale is told in script which is amply illustrated by clever and amusing drawings in black and white and color. Small folk should be delighted by it.

BOY SCOUTS' BOOK OF GOOD TURN STORIES. Chosen by FRANKLIN K. MATHIEWS. Scribners. 1931. $2.50.

Here good turn stories from *Boys' Life*, the Scout magazine, are fortified by stories from general literature, each with a good turn included, from O. Henry, Richard Harding Davis, Ida Tarbell, etc. There are fourteen tales in all. Mr. Mathiews is the Chief Scout Librarian of this country and may be trusted to interest his audience. To a general reader, however, the liveliness of the plots and the various styles is somewhat offset by the too certain victory of the good turn in every instance.

FOUR GYPSY CHILDREN. By CORA MORRIS. Macmillan. 1931. $2.

This little story skims pleasantly over the surface of gypsy life. A friendship between caravan and house children gives opportunity for a lively array of gypsy words, details of scene and dress, and typical events, a wedding included. Two old gypsy tales and a chant and some songs will be welcomed by the reader aloud. All is gay, but —the burnt-ash, bitter flavor of gypsy life as it is really lived escapes in a showman's atmosphere. And children may have some disagreeable surprises if they try to imitate the Gray children the next time a gypsy Ford comes by!

TOLD IN A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET. By SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $1.50.

The writing of this tale of the assorted company to be found in a little boy's pocket is sprightly, and Mr. Nail, Miss Pin, Captain Ball, etc., amusing in conversation reminiscent of their adventures. But enter information at unexpected moments and all the company falls dull! The reader does not know which way the author really leans.

CURRY WAS RIGHT. By CHARLES GEOFFREY MULLER. Harcourt, Brace. 1931. $2.

There is a good deal of the enthusiasm of real boy in this account of the adventures of four lads in their very own boat, a fifteen-foot Wee Scot with a home in a Yacht Club on the Connecticut side of Long Island Sound. If this enthusiasm includes endless daily details, so also does the real boy's emotion for his boat, and the race is a sufficiently shining end to minor adventures here as in real waters.

Miscellaneous

CAN THESE THINGS BE! By GEORGE SELDES. Brewer, Warren, & Putnam. 1931. $4.

Mr. Seldes's book is in the main a lurid indictment of a Europe which, having seen "justice" triumph in 1918 and all its troubles settled in a conference of

(*Continuel on page* 93)

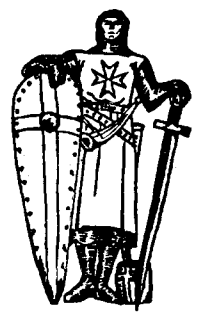
» » *New Scribner Publications* « «

The first novel by the author of "The Road to Rome"

The Virtuous Knight

by

Robert Emmet Sherwood



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Points of View

The Seven Cities

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In Abel Chevalley's letter published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* of July 4, allusion is made to Charles Roncière's discovery of a map of the fifteenth century in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris on which appears the "Isle of the Seven Cities" far west of Ireland, which settlements were reputed to have been made by seven Portuguese bishops who fled with their flocks in the year 711 to an island called Antilia. This romantic story, notwithstanding the remoteness of its origin, has a direct relation with our own Southwest.

After the Columbian discovery of the West Indies, it was quite rational, considering the knowledge of the time, that the name Antilia should have been applied to the Antilles, where the Seven Cities were expected to be found. Consequently on later maps the Seven Cities were given an indefinite place in those islands, but as knowledge expanded and no such cities were discovered, they became cartographically transplanted to the North American mainland, where they danced about according to the fancy of the map-makers.

When the three survivors of the ill-fated Narvaez expedition of 1527-28, including the Barbary negro Estevan, made their appearance in western Mexico eight years later, after having crossed the present Texas and northern Mexico for the first time, they related the marvelous tale of their experiences and of the existence of permanent settlements in the north, of which the Indians had informed them. The "Relación" of this terrible journey, written by Cabeza de Vaca, one of the survivors, was published at Zamora in 1552, the first account of any part of our Southwest.

This narration, together with a wild tale told by the son of an Indian trader who claimed to have accompanied his father on one of his trips to seven very large towns in the north, where much gold had been obtained in exchange for fine feathers, naturally excited the cupidity of the Spaniards, and conjured up visions, no doubt, of the Seven Cities of old. Expeditions were sent out, but little knowledge was gained, until Fray Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan friar, was authorized in 1539 to journey to the north with the negro Estevan as his guide, evidently hopeful of obtaining knowledge that might lead to the enrichment of the royal coffers of Spain.

The negro was sent ahead by the friar with definite instructions which he failed to obey. Reaching the region of the present southern Arizona, Fray Marcos gained what he regarded as definite news of Seven Cities, which were called Cíbola by the natives. Before reaching his destination, however, the friar was met by a number of Piman Indians whom Estevan had taken along with him and who now brought the sorry news that the negro had been slain by the Cíbola people. Fearing that if he himself were killed the authorities in Mexico would be deprived of the knowledge he had gathered, Fray Marcos continued his journey only far enough to view the first of the so-called Seven Cities from an adjacent height; then "with more fear than food" he retraced his steps over the hundreds of miles, finally reaching Mexico and submitting a roseate report based more on what he had heard from the natives than what he had seen.

Modern historical and archæological research has succeeded in identifying the "Cities of Cíbola" beyond any question, except that the only evidence that there were seven instead of six, whose very names are now known, is that which had its origin in the myth of the ancient isle, cherished in the expectation that some day it would materialize. These settlements were the pueblos occupied by the ancestors of the present Zuñi Indians of western New Mexico, the exploitation of which by Coronado in 1540 forever quieted, in the minds of the Spaniards, the stories of golden treasure in the far northern country.

F. W. HODGE.

New York City.

Mexico and Plenty

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The existence of Stuart Chase's book on Mexico has been known to me for some time and I have just been reading Gruening's review of it, largely for the purpose of deciding whether or not to buy a copy. I am lost in wonderment as to whether Mr. Chase actually does say that no one is hungry or unemployed in Mexico. This is so contrary to my own experiences, beginning in 1902, and extending as far south as the ruins of Mitla. I have made almost no contacts with Presidents, Governors, Generals, or land barons (haciendados). I see these gentry only when they come into Tucson as political refugees or to avoid accounting for funds entrusted to them. My travels have taken me into the wilds, with Mexican and Indian helpers, with camps on the borders of the small villages and settlements. The Desert Laboratory is less than two hours from the Mexican border—sixty-seven miles. The people at the desert laboratory are across the border into Sonora—the home of many of Mexico's presidents—many times yearly. My memories include many occasions, long past and recent, in which the enjoyment of my meat and beans was greatly marred by the animal looks of hunger of visitors. As might be expected, there is a constant attempt on the part of the hungry and unemployed to find relief by smuggling themselves across the border. This is quite aside from the politicos who find themselves safer north of the boundary.

Is there not some tendency at the present time to find more happiness in any other area than that inhabited by the "North Americans"?

This note is mostly personal and is not written primarily for publication. I should be very sorry to have you or Mr. Gruening, or Mr. Chase, think that I am setting up my knowledge of Mexico as superior to theirs. I find myself vastly puzzled by most of the things that go on in Mexico.

D. T. MACDOUGAL.

Carmel, Calif.

A Strange Inconsistency

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Will you kindly print this critical comment pointing out a strange inconsistency, one of many, which crops up in Edgar Lee Masters's recent book on Lincoln. A Douglas Democrat carried away by passionate resentment against the North, Masters falls into many errors of judgment. After "debunking" Lincoln, he sets up Jefferson, Whitman, and Emerson as the greatest Americans. In the conclusion of his book (a brilliant and remarkable performance in spite of its violent prejudices), he states that the Civil War did not produce a great literature. For this he gives two reasons: "the preëminent theme which the war suggests is that liberty was dishonored and destroyed"; secondly, that the Bible-saturated culture of writers like Lowell and Longfellow could not see deeply into "the infinite and profound currents of life in societies and nations, which, largely comprehended, show the fateful tragedy of this world of men flowing everywhere mysteriously." He goes on to say that the American mind had not yet acquired the pity and understanding necessary to do justice to the war; "and thus the life of the nation which may be seen in the mirror of its national poetry had no reflection better than the derivative performance like Lowell's 'Ode' which is evangelical and insipid."

All this when examined closely shows a surprising lack of sound critical judgment. It is too sweeping a condemnation, too biased in temper. No one will quarrel with his contention that the Civil War produced no first-rate literature, nothing in fact that could compare with the noble work of the Greeks after the Persian Wars, or with the literary renaissance that flourished in England after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The dance over fire and water did not intoxicate and inspire the American genius. The great body of Civil War poetry, and it forms a massive collection, is occasional and mediocre. But the war did give birth to a major work, "Drum Taps," published in 1865. It is strange that Masters while paying Whitman such lofty tribute gives no recognition to the poetry Whitman wrote during the war. Nor does he take into consideration Whitman's thesis, emphatically stated and reiterated in his war-memoranda, his letters, and in private conversations, that the Civil War would give rise to a national literature that would surpass the epics of the past. Whitman was himself the prophet and recorder of those troublous, tragic days, that conflict between brother and brother. It was his chief theme, perhaps the most vital experience of his life. Moreover, Whitman's war poetry possesses the very qualities which should call forth Masters's praise: it was not partisan, vindictive, and fanatical, nor was it informed with the moral zeal, the religious righteousness which makes some of the Abolitionist and war poetry such unpleasant reading today. Whitman knew and loved the South and gave it its due. His war poems breathe a spirit of tenderness and compassion,—the same tenderness and compassion which he bestowed on the sick and wounded soldiers in the Washington hospitals. He saw and constantly stressed the human side of war; he did not celebrate battles, he did not, like Boker and others, call for a bloody and decisive revenge.

On what grounds, therefore, does Masters conclude that no literature worthy to be called literature came, or could conceivably come, from the North as the result of the Civil War? If Masters admires Whitman, he must take into account Whitman's claim that his entire work was "the first characteristic literary result of the war," that none of his work, neither the prose nor the verse, could have been written except for the Secession War.

CHARLES J. GLICKSBURG.

Philadelphia.

Mr. Pound Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Re your note to my letter on bestiality in American interference with the circulation of thought. "The American Law provides for recourse to the Courts."

What use is recourse to courts for people of moderate means? Does it in extreme cases prevent legal murders? "Recourse to courts" against a governmental imbecility means simply penalizing (inductably) the recourser to the extent of whatever time and money he may spend in recoursing. In the usual course of events the foreign shipper of single copies of a book hears of an outrage against a particular book only months later and even then does not know whether the maniac, or fanatic in government employ, has committed his Kr. Ebbing excess in New York or St. Louis.

These outbreaks of peculiar psychology are not restricted to "literature" or to literary classics. The last case brought to my notice was the mutilation of a unique copy of a sixteenth century medical work, certainly not destined to "lewdize, lascivize, improperize" the addled wits of the half-educated, under-age multitude in Calvin's own Lutherized morasses.

You people in control of the American press tolerate everything save intelligence. Any sign of sodden mental degradation stirs you Franciscan marvels of charity.

In any case, your note is a quibble. Senator Cutting and the eight other literates in our soup-reme legislative corpse did manage to restrain the illiterates re "*customs*" officers, but had, I think you will find, no effect on the still lower mentality of local postal clerks, delivery boys and other agents of omnipotent god.

Yours in love and patriotism with prayers for disinfection. EZRA POUND.

Rapallo, Italy.

Beardsley Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I am editing a collection of nearly 200 letters written by Beardsley to his publisher, Leonard Smithers, between the years 1895 and 1898. As these are not a complete collection, I should be very glad to hear from owners of original letters written by Beardsley to Smithers. If they would send me the original letters, I would take the greatest care of them and, after copying them, would return them by registered post. R. A. WALKER.

60 St. Michael's Road,
Bedford, England.

The Fighting Sinclairs

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have just finished a book called "The Fighting Sinclairs," a story of a naval family which consists of biographical accounts of Commodore Arthur Sinclair of the War of 1812, his three sons, Captain Arthur Sinclair, 2nd, Lieutenant George T. Sinclair and Surgeon William B. Sinclair of the old United States Navy and of the Confederate Navy and of his five grandsons, Lieutenant Arthur Sinclair, 3rd, Midshipman George Terry Sinclair, Jr., Lieutenant William C. Whittle, Midshipman William H. Sinclair, and Midshipman William B. Sinclair, Jr., all of the Confederate Navy. All of these men originally lived in Norfolk, Virginia.

I would like to hear from those, especially descendants of old naval families who have any personal information about the Sinclairs or who have in their possession letters written by them. These will be copied and returned.

Upton Sinclair, the novelist, is a member of this family and is the grandson of Captain Arthur Sinclair, 2nd.

ALBERT MORDELL.

731 Land Title Building,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Interesting Reminiscences

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

After reading the Thoreau item in the Phœnix Nest of August 1, I thought you might be interested in the following remarks:

Gandhi travels "light," but includes, always, a copy of Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience." The Yankee naturalists, who loved nature more than man's society and laws, has thus influenced the lives of millions of people, thousands of miles away from the scene of his hermitage in rustic Concord, Massachusetts.

How does this interesting fact about Gandhi change our opinion of the relative weight of Emerson's and Thoreau's philosophies? Is Emerson, the master, to be exceeded by Thoreau, the disciple?

"Every once in a while students ask me who I think is more important," said an old gentleman of seventy-five years, who was a small boy when both American authors were still alive. Although the old Concord resident didn't appear to answer the question, his musings must surely be as delightful to others as they were to me.

He was sitting on a bench alongside of the tablet commemorating the death of the British soldiers who fell on that memorable day in 1775, this side of "the rude bridge that arched the flood," in Concord. Above a number of simple drawings of the homes of famous New England writers hung a sign: Pupil of May Alcott. As we came closer to view, the drawing he gave to my small daughter, a crayon drawing of what I think is a cow, but which my husband insists is a donkey.

"I give one of these away to a little girl every day," he drawled, with the real New England twang to his voice. The picture bore the legend "Howard Melvin, great-grandson of a minute man, Concord, 1775. Pupil of May Alcott, Concord 1874."

"Louisa May Alcott?" we inquired.

"No," he answered. "People get confused about that. You see, 'May' was the maiden name of Bronson Alcott's wife, the girls' mother. So each child had 'May' as part of her name. Louisa May was the author, and May, the youngest daughter, taught drawing. I was in her class." Then he put his hand in his pocket and drew out an old, large jackknife.

"May Alcott gave me this knife," he said. "Thoreau had given it to her. But it was too heavy for her. What surprises me," and then he chuckled reminiscently, "is that Thoreau ever gave even a knife away. But he was a great friend of the Alcotts." My rapt attention must have encouraged him to continue.

"Thoreau taught me one thing: not to fill my bucket too full. Told me to fetch a bucket of water. When I found it was too heavy to lift out of the well, he wouldn't help me. No, sir, he wouldn't help me. I learned then not to fill my bucket too full. I was only a lad of six or seven then. He always said there were only two naturalists. He was *the* naturalist, and I was the other one. We used to talk about birds and eggs and things we found in the woods."

When to a later remark that students have often asked him who in his opinion is more important, Emerson or Thoreau, I essayed the opinion that Emerson left us a larger bulk of writings from which to interpret his ideas,—his sermons, essays, and poems, he interrupted me sharply:

"Yes, Emerson did one thing, he put a hump in that bridge." We turned to look, as he pointed to the ugly cement replica of the historic bridge.

"Did you ever," he asked, "see an old bridge in all New England that was humped in the middle? I never did." As one who spends her summers browsing through New England, I had to confess I never did either.

"The original bridge," he continued, "was as flat as a barnyard floor. I know, because my great-grandfather helped build it. Just because Emerson thought the poetry would sound better if he used the word 'arched' instead of 'spanned,' the people who built the bridge thought it must have had a hump in it."

"Let me tell you, those boys were in too much of a hurry to make those posts so even, too. It was a rude bridge, all right. In my memory, the bridge has been rebuilt three times."

The conversation was so absorbing that I hadn't noticed that my family had long since wandered away. How these domestic duties do interfere with one's absorbing interests in life!

HELEN E. GLUTSCH.

Teaneck, N. J.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply by mail.

O. M. W., Hollywood, Calif., soon sails for a winter in Spain, with twenty days aboard ship on the way, and asks for recent books on that country, the Spaniards, and the Moors.

M. W. J., Kansas City, Mo., needs books for a year's reading club program on Spain.

THE first inquirer has already laid in Clara Laughlin's "So You're Going to Spain!; Companion to Travel and Companion to Study" (Houghton Mifflin), E. F. Benson's "Ferdinand Magellan" (Harpers, one of the fine Golden Hind series) —there is another life of this navigator, Arthur Hildebrand's "Magellan" (Harcourt, Brace)—Waldo Frank's "Virgin Spain" (Liveright), Joseph Pennell's drawings in "Tales of the Alhambra," and "The Spanish Pageant," by Arthur Stanley Riggs (Bobbs-Merrill), and a good start that is, with practically no duplications. For the brief popular history that both inquirers need, the "Short History of Spain," by H. D. Sedgwick (Little, Brown) which does all its friends (I am one) claim for it—it awakens and rewards the interest of an intelligent home reader or a prospective traveller in the gorgeous past of the peninsula. Follow that with "Spain" by S. de Madariaga (Scribner), one of the best of a series enlightening throughout, the "Modern World" surveys. After that, and in line with Waldo Frank's book, an Italian's view, "Unromantic Spain," by Mario Praz (Knopf), an iconoclastic study of the national life. Then swing away back with Théophile Gautier's "A Romantic in Spain" (Knopf, Blue Jade Library), though I recall reading a novel, I think by Ibañez, in which a college professor went there with an intensive acquaintance with the Spain of Victor Hugo, and I seem to remember that it did him no good. J. B. Trend's "Picture of Modern Spain" (Houghton Mifflin) and "Spain from the South" (Knopf) are enlightening on various cultural aspects as well as on more obvious matters of travel. "Seeing Spain and Morocco," by E. M. Newman (Funk & Wagnalls), is a travelogue book with beautiful photographs. The pictures in George Wharton Edwards's "Spain" (Penn), are large plates in color, so lovely I do not doubt they have sent many a traveller to assure himself that these bridges, for instance, really exist out of dreamland.

For national characteristics the most important book at present, as coming from a scholar and a diplomat, is de Madariaga's "Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards" (Oxford); if you keep on reading after you return, or, in the case of the club, carry on personal study beyond the program, read carefully "The Tragic Sense of Life," by Miguel de Unamuno(Macmillan), for it goes deep into the Spanish soul. H. A. Phillips's "Meet the Spaniards" (Lippincott) is a recent guide, so is Marcel Aurousseau's "Highway into Spain" (King), but this lives up strictly to its title, pausing at the Pyrenees in a foot-journey from Paris towards Madrid.

There is a new "History of Spanish Literature," by Ernest Merimée and S. Griswold Morley (Holt), which meets the need for one that comes practically to date; Merimée's work was published in Paris in 1908; this was revised to 1922 and has been carried on even beyond that. For contemporary fiction the novels of Blasco Ibañez (Dutton), choosing the one for the section in which you are interested, ignoring the plot, and concentrating on the detail: "The Shadow of the Cathedral" anyway, and "Blood and Sand," and for my own part, "Reeds and Mud" and "The Bodega." For Madrid, Boroja—if you can get him; Concha Espina is another novelist to note. For the Alhambra of today, get Osbert Sitwell's "The Man Who Lost Himself" (Coward-McCann), both for entertainment and for what amounts to a guidebook; it should be read on shipboard, then taken along for reference. By the way, Sitwell's "Dumb Animal," mentioned last week, is a Lippincott book.

E. W., Clifton Springs, N. Y., asks for books or magazine articles about Dean Inge. He is one of "Five Deans," by Sidney Dark (Harcourt, Brace), the others being John Colet, John Donne—admirers of the "old lover's ghost" take notice—Jonathan Swift, and Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. He is also in the best of the "Duster" books, "Painted Windows," which was published by Putnam, but is now out of print; so is "Peeps at the Mighty," by Patrick Braybrooke (Lippincott), and "Some Living Masters of the Pulpit," by Joseph Fort Newton (Doran); in both he is one of the characters. As good for information as any of these is "Wit and Wisdom of Dean Inge" (Longmans, Green), selected by Sir Joseph Merchant, with an introduction by the Dean himself. And you might keep an eye on the London daily newspapers, for he maintains a steady flow of advice and opinion through this wide outlet.

L. M., Muscatine, Iowa, asks if there is a book on the old cattle-brands of the West. Yes, some twenty years ago Andy Adams, who wrote "The Log of a Cowboy" and other veracious works on range life, wrote "Cattle Brands" (Houghton Mifflin) and it is still in print. Within the year we have had a most important book on this phase of American life and history, "The Range Cattle Industry," by Edward Everett Dale (University of Oklahoma), and in this the subject of cattle-brands is briefly treated; the author has gathered such important material on ranching that scholarly as the work is I don't see how a moving-picture studio can afford to be without it.

T. H. D., Washington, D. C., asks for books to be used by a beginner in learning the Russian language. He does not hope to compass fluent conversation, but needs a groundwork in the written language in order to be able to read ordinary commercial Russian. I have known two Americans who learned not only to read but to speak Russian, beginning after they had passed the age when their minds were supposed to take in new ideas—not that I know just when that is. But this gentleman and this lady did not depend upon books alone; they used each a tutor and put in a good part of the day every day for many days. Fired by such examples, I set out to see what I could do by books alone, and reluctantly concluded that I would have to spend all my waking hours on the job, and as I had to eat and earn my living, I would have to let Russian remain among the six (or is it seven?) things on which this department is personally uninformed. But do not let my experience deter a stouter spirit: Henry Riola's "How to Learn Russian" (Dutton) is plainly marked "adapted to self-instruction," and is based on the Ollendorff method; Thimm and Marshall's "Russian Self-Taught" (McKay) has a key. Forbes's "First Russian Book" (Oxford University Press) and its successors should be used with a teacher, and there are manuals of the language schools, the Berlitz "Russian without English," "Hugo's Russian Simplified" (McKay), and Baedeker's "Manual of the Russian Language" (Scribner).

J. P. C., Lowell, Mass., is interested in the poems of Michael Moran, who wrote under the pseudonym of ZOZIMUS, but has been able to find but a few extracts in the works of other poets. Who published his poems? My contribution to this inquiry is small and off the point, but in 1870-71 there was published in Dublin a sort of Irish *Punch*, called *Zozimus*, which ran for at least two years —at least I have gone through two years' numbers. I found no names signed; the magazine opened with a hilarious line-of-march of the inaugural procession of "His Philosophical Majesty King Zoximus" but this monarch is more often referred to later on as "Mr. Zoz"—possibly with Boz in mind, as one of the first numbers carries an affectionate poem on the death of Dickens. This may have nothing to do with the case, but it's all I know, and others will no doubt come to the rescue.

THE dahlia fancier who needed poems on this lovely plant, to put in his catalogue, is informed that in "Arrowheads," by Lilian White Spencer (Brentano, 1929), there is a six-line poem called "Dahlias" which will interest him. *B. B. B. writes from London* that the Fair Haven inquirer for English novels whose scene is laid in Italy should be told about Marion Crawford's "Pietro Ghisleri," "Saracinesca," "Don Orsino," and "Sant' Ilario" (Macmillan), and I admit that printing a list of this sort and leaving out Crawford was like leaving the best man out of the wedding invitations. But even that has been done. B. B. B. recommends also E. Voynich's story of the Revolution of 1848, "The Gadfly;" Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady," and Norman Douglas's "South Wind," and ask if Munthe's "Story of San Michele" should not come in for its section on Capri? *C. C. B., Lynn, Mass.*, adds to the garden list, with my own applause, "The Gardener's Bed Book," by Richardson Wright, saying "Would there were more books like it!" *If you have ever stopped at the Book Shop in the St. Louis railway station* and chatted with the delightful little lady with a white bob and black eyes, you will be glad to know that her name is Mrs. Mary Partlow and that the story of her life and work is in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* of August 2nd, with a speaking likeness.

R. K., Caldwell, Kansas, adds this welcome information to the list of novels about pioneer women:

Another book which, I believe, belongs on the list of pioneer novels is "The Emigrants," by Johan Bojer. It is the tale of founding a community, and similar to Rolvaag's work in location and characters, yet is unlike it. There are several women in the book who stand out vividly, Else perhaps most so.

You refer, also, to "the continued success of 'A Lantern in Her Hand'; when it was published I read somewhere a review which appraised it as inclining to mediocrity, and condemned chiefly the too felicitous disposition of characters at the end of the book. One inferred that the reviewer thought the material and artistic prosperity of Abie Deal's children was sentimental and Cinderella-like. The review rankled more after I had read the book, because, while it lacks the epic scope of "Giants in the Earth," or "The Emigrants," its popularity owes somewhat to its being, in some ways, superior to either one of them.

Abbie Deal's experiences were not exaggerated in the least. In my own town, there is a woman who came to Kansas late in the 'sixties, and with her family settled on a claim. One fall, shortly after their arrival, it became necessary for her husband to go to town for some supplies, and with all of the men in the community, he started. There were two wagons, and about eight men. The trip was to be a three-day affair. This woman was left with three loaves of bread and some corn meal as her only provision until they returned. The morning of the third day a German woman with smaller children was entirely without food, and came to ask assistance until her husband returned with the others. She got the corn meal that was left, and half a loaf of bread; the men failed to return that evening, and morning found the family without food of any kind. It was, she told me, the darkest moment of her life.

In desperation, she called the children to kneel in prayer, which was answered in fact, before they rose. A stranger came to the cabin to ask for water for his team, and, seeing her gun on the wall, offered to go over the hill a mile back and shoot her some rabbits. He started while the team drank, and returned with two, which furnished her dinner. That evening the men, after repairing a broken wagon, got home.

Today, that woman spends her summers in Estes Park, and has a son who winters in Florida to get good fishing; her daughter is married to a professor at Yale. A friend of hers has a similar tale, except that instead of lack of food, it deals with a table held against the window of a dugout by her father because wolves were dashing themselves against it one winter when food was scarce. One of her sons is a successful banker here, the other a prominent church soloist in Los Angeles. Both are reasons for the success of "A Lantern in Her Hand," and declare it authentic. Yet some reviewer pronounced it too felicitous in its ending.

Miss Ferber's "Cimarron," however, is generally condemned here because it does not ring true. (We are a mile from the Oklahoma border, and witnessed the Cherokee Strip run.) Why it does not is more difficult to say. One Oklahoma resident said that Miss Ferber gets her geographical location and her history mixed up. Besides, "Oklahoma is not a unified state. The northern counties, in the central part, are simply an extension of Kansas, that vote and think republican. The south is just as purely Texas, and the southeast chiefly Arkansas. When you go west, you'll find western Oklahoma is as western as New Mexico. And the center's an awful mess." Probably he stretches it considerhurried, or whether it is simply that her backin the country long enough to get the "feel" of it; she collected many incidents for atmosphere, and she did painstaking research work. I have no doubt she could make the average Oklahoman take a back seat on the state history; yet her book is not truly a picture of its development nor of its pioneer life, and neither Sabra nor Yancey Cravat are truly Oklahoma characters.

The fault is hers, but whether she was too hurried, or whether it is simply that her background is not deep enough I cannot tell. For one thing, it is too episodic; that is a fault of the picture made from it, and which would be my nomination for the best film of the year. But as a novel, "Cimarron" is second-rate, and as a pioneer story I am doubtful if it deserves a place on the list.

New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page 91*)

statesmen, shortly began a series of internal wars in which "parties fought government, class fought class, dictator fought would-be dictators or the mass-majority, politicians, and generals organized illegal armies and engaged in war, suppressed people fought for liberty, men and women fought for bread, and egomaniacs fought for power." In the years 1925-1928 alone, it is estimated, 512,975 persons were killed, 162,642 wounded, and 416,743 arrested, of which latter number 35,777 were sentenced to death. As a political consequence of the orgy we have today a great sweep of dictatorship, wholesale suppression of personal freedom, a censored and corrupted press, and vast plans of fascism on the one hand and communism on the other for the control of Europe and the world.

The attack which Mr. Seldes launches is centred on fascism and the press. If there be anything good in fascism, he does not see it. What he sees is an Italy crushed under absolute rule, reeking with terrorism, espionage, and torture, riding with the aid of foreign loans a financial bubble which is soon to burst, spreading its doctrines abroad through a subsidized and controlled press, and, in the United States, with the further aid of five hundred fascist organizations, and marching in the front rank of a movement which is uniting all the European dictatorships against Russia. France is helping with all its might, Germany is "arming without arms," the Balkans are being systematically prepared for war, and a "militaristic corruption of youth," partly communist and partly fascist, is debauching the minds of the generation that will furnish the men and women for the coming struggle.

The arraignment of the press is scathing, neither the great news agencies of this country and Europe nor leading American or European journals being allowed to escape. Mr. Seldes draws upon his own wide experience as a foreign correspondent for a long list of stories, at once startling and disheartening, of official censorship of news, of corruption or intimidation of publishers, editors, and correspondents, of true stories suppressed or emasculated and false or garbled ones transmitted, of systematic misrepresentation of what is actually going on, and of indifference to the suffering, persecution, and public misconduct which correspondents know but dare not tell. If, after all the revelations of the past decade, there are any persons so simple as to believe that even the best of the foreign dispatches contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, a reading of Mr. Seldes's circumstantial narrative ought to work a complete disillusionment.

Mr. Seldes pieces out his exposure of the seamy side of present-day Europe with some entertaining chapters on Carol of Rumania, the "Prince Hamlet of the Balkans," personal exploits at St. Mihiel, and venturesome experiences in the first days of the German republic, the extraordinary performances of certain psychoanalists at Vienna, and similar matters. A section of peculiar interest has to do with Isadora Duncan in the days of her decadence and poverty and her proposed publication of her love letters, the sketch including the first chapter of the book which Mr. Seldes arranged for her to write but which was never finished. The effect of these additions is to make the book something of a hodge-podge, but the political business that comes first makes too vivid an impression to permit anyone who reads it to be disturbed by the rest.

High above the Provençal village of Fantosque lies

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By Louise Redfield Peattie

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Italian State Text Books

Reviewed by IRENE DI ROBILANT

THE opening of the Italian Public Schools was last year marked by the introduction of an official set of text books printed by the "Libreria dello Stato" and distributed at a moderate cost throughout the kingdom.

The State system of education does not provide for free distribution of text books and stationery with the exception of some rural schools, for the use of which special editions have been prepared. Until the distribution of the State books teachers were at liberty to choose from a long list of approved publications. Naturally each teacher had his or her preferences, and the transfer of children from one school to another, always meant a new set of books while it was impossible for families to pass on those used by one child to the next.

The new books which will be used in all State Schools for the first four years of elementary instruction have further simplified the requirements by providing a single volume for the third and fourth year in which the various subjects on the program are bound together. By this medium as well as by means of extensive production an economy of thirty-seven million lire which the families would have been required to expend is forecast.

The set consisting of Primers, First Readers, General Books for Third and Fourth Year, and Selected Readings for Fourth Year pupils is offered at prices varying from lire 4.50 (about twenty-three cents) for the gayly colored alphabets to a maximum of eleven lire (50 cents) for the neatly bound and quite elaborate fourth year book consisting of 555 pages with a large number of illustrations.

The large quantities issued by the State Library has made possible the use of fairly good paper, while a real progress can be noted in the art work, of distinctly modernistic tendency, and in the reproduction of views and pictures.

The criticism encountered by the publications on their appearance in regard to their being "permeated" with Fascism and its corollaries, seems on closer examination to have been somewhat exaggerated, especially if the books are compared with their similars in other countries. A one-sided exposition of history, and a tendency to perpetuate national myths, is in no way exceptional as far as public school books are concerned.

The Italian State which has particularly emphasized its "totalitarian" aspects looks upon the future generations, that is, on the fast swelling ranks of the "Balilla" or national Boy Scouts, as its only hope for the morrow, and naturally the elementary school is the ground where the seed for what is regarded as ideal citizenship has to be sown.

To exalt the lives and deeds of the living without falling into servility or displaying a lack of sense of humor is a very hard task, and even Fascist sympathizers will regret that the laudatory pages devoted to Mr. Mussolini make no mention of his having been a socialist and a leader of revolutionary movements in the past, thus depriving a truly eventful life of its real significance. Anyway, Italians are by nature hypercritical and inclined to a pessimistic view of national as well as personal destinies, so that while the books may have been compiled as an antidote they are likely to have a limited influence on both the lives and tendences of those who will read them and dissect them finally to move on to conclusions of their own.

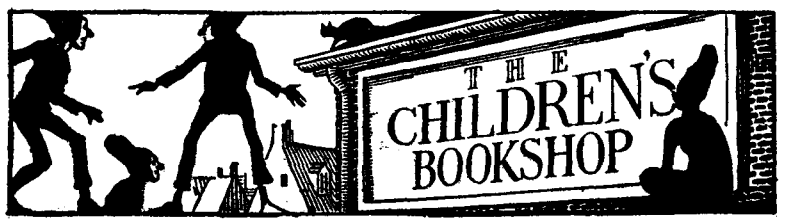
The most important innovation as far as Italian public education is concerned is the space given to religion which in the second year book occupies about one third of the volume. The teaching of religion and of Catholic prayers had been included in the elementary school program by the reform which Senator Gentile was able to enact in the year 1924. Following the concordat which Italy signed with the Vatican State in 1929, not only was religious instruction extended to secondary schools, but the existing elementary program was emphasized and placed under the direct supervision of the Church. In fact, the religious section of each text book has been compiled with "Ecclesiastical Approval" by Monsignor Zammarchi and the Reverend Cesare Angelini, and while the space given to it comes somewhat as a shock one can but commend the choice of material suited to the various ages, and illustrated both by attractive colored drawings and by reproductions of Italian masterpieces of which the inclusion would in itself bespeak the unquestionable educational value of this section for the Italian child.

The books for first and second year have been compiled by women teachers, as is only fair, considering that elementary instruction in Italy is practically in their hands. The Third Year general book is edited by Grazia Deledda, Nobel Prize winner for 1928, while the Fourth Year Book has been entrusted to several scholars, and the Fourth Year Selected Reader is edited by Angelo Silvio Novaro, member of the Italian Academy and author of poems for children which have earned a wide and well deserved popularity.

There is a marked difference in tone between the early books and those prepared by older children; the roll call of nationalism seems to fade in order to make place for a certain type of romanticism of distinctly Italian flavor. The choice of poetical works is quite interesting. Moderns such as Palazzeschi and Govoni share the honors with Carducci and Pascoli. D'Annunzio has just one short piece, while old Italian folklore is well represented. Those who still believe in the efficacy and influence of school books, and who have viewed the recent innovations with horror may reap some comfort from the observation that the oath demanded by Mazzini from the members of the Giovine Italia, as well as the drama of Italian liberalism from 1848 to 1870, still occupy a place of honor in the text books of the Fascist State, while the skeptics will recall that the Fascist generations sprang from an agnostic school governed by the principles of historical materialism against which both Croce and Gentile fought what was for a time a losing battle.

Further examination of the Fourth Year General Book which includes religion, history, geography, arithmetic, and science, reveals a summary of ancient history compiled by Roberto Paribeni, also an Academician and Director General of Fine Arts, which is worth reading at any age. Its brief descriptions of Italy's famous cities appear to be unusually well done.

The Selected Readings, prepared by Novaro, includes poems by the author as well as by several others. Emerson is quoted in the chapter devoted to seafaring. Lives of artists, musicians, poets, and scientists outnumber those of the patriots. Family life, the peaceful pursuits of farming and travel for commerce and instruction are particularly emphasized. Dante's famous salutation to the evening star which makes travelers recall their home, is included, and the pathos of the classical lines as well as the whole tone of the book recalls the oldest Italian traditions as well as the influence of a particular group of Italian writers belonging to the after war period, who can hardly be associated with the fascist "dawn" in as much as they were said to belong to the "twilight hour."



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Reviews

NORTH AMERICA, the Land They Live in for the Children Who Live There. By LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by C. BEVERLEY BENSON

THERE has been a good deal in these columns lately about writing down—or up—to children, and there have been some strong sentiments expressed on both sides. It seems to me, however, that an important idea has been overlooked in that there is apparently little demand for a vehicle to fit the cargo. If you are to write about the Little Red Hen, your style and vocabulary must certainly be suited to the Little Red Hen. The Wizard of Oz would never have been the success it is if it had been written in the style of a geographical reader.

It is surprising, therefore, to find so gifted a teacher as Mrs. Mitchell mixing her themes and style as she does in "North America." A child who will be thrilled, or even interested, in the chapter on the "New Fence" will be sorely tried by the cumbersome sentences, the large number of hyphenated words, and the parenthetical onomatopœia. On the other hand, a child who is mature enough to read this material with ease will not be held by the theme. The same criticism may safely be made of nearly all the stories of the book.

Besides this fault, "North America" suffers from an even more serious one. That lies in a curious mixing of extremely simple thoughts and unusually mature asides. A child who likes to hear about the conversation of barnyard animals is not likely to understand a young heifer having "wild young thoughts of her own." The very elementary description of the vessel entering the harbor in the first chapter is rudely interrupted by passports, quarantine, immigration officers, and customs inspectors which are not explained. A sudden switch in the final chapters from childish themes to rather involved geology completes an unhappy effort. The throwing in of a sentence in babyish language here and there fails completely to make this material comprehensible to children of the age for which most of the book seems intended.

But I suppose that the question which will be of more concern to parents and teachers is, "Will the book help the child to learn geography or stimulate his interest in it?" I am very doubtful. It is often too difficult to discover the locale of the story. In the chapter called "Three Children and a Banana" it is only by the most careful reading that Panama is fixed as the site of the plantation. Surely Panama is not to be thought of as a great banana center. A fair description of an automobile factory town does mention that the town is in Michigan, but I read it twice before I was sure. "The Barn" might be a dairy barn in any up-to-date part of the world. "Making More Living Things" has enough geography in it for a whole book, but a child needs a rather complete geographic background to understand it. On the basis of its subject matter, I should hesitate to recommend this book as a supplementary reader, except for very unusual children. The content is not worth the effort needed to absorb it.

GOLDEN TUSK. By CHARLES E. SLAUGHTER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by GORDON G. HILL

THIS is the story of the further adventures of Hahtibee the elephant and Mani, his brave young mahout; of how they left their home on a jungle tea plantation to take part in the pomp and pageantry of a Rajput Maharajah's wedding, at which Hahtibee won his golden tusk and Mani acquired wealth and much renown. Charles E. Slaughter, who told the earlier experiences of the pair in "Hahtibee the Elephant," has written in "Golden Tusk" an excellent book for children. For this is a tale not only of danger and adventure, in which suspense deepens until even a reviewer's nerves begin to tingle in anticipation, but one which moves in a world sufficiently fantastic and unfamiliar to capture the imagination of all young lovers of the new and strange. And in that category what children are not included?

All the way to Jolipore, on the other side of India, had penetrated the fame of Hahtibee, who had hunted tigers and saved his masters from a mad elephant. When the Maharajah's son was to be married and the assassination of his bride a possibility, then, Hahtibee, accompanied by his trusty mahout, was selected to carry her through the dangers of the wedding procession. Many dangers did the two encounter in the performance of this duty. Forewarned by a fakir and armed with a dagger of fine Damascus steel, Mani escaped drugs, knives, and even Cheetah, the hunting leopard. With Nahma, the snake-stone which draws the reptile's poison from its victim's body, providentially loaned him by an elderly snake-charmer, he saved the life of the bride.

Mr. Slaughter, who knows the scenes he describes and the people he pictures, has interspersed adventure with touches of comedy and vivid description. Children will enjoy the pompous burra babu (chief clerk), flourishing his inevitable umbrella; the fakir with withered arm pointing to the sky; and the snake-charmer with his beady-eyed pets. They will sympathize with Hahtibee in his distress at being unable to take a bath in desert Rajputana and chuckle when his huge toe-nails are shampooed and enamelled with gold paint before the procession. And Mani, too, finds many things to amaze him and excite his naïve comments: his first ride in an automobile; his first glimpse of that outlandish beast the camel.

Like Kipling, the author has made use of Hindustani words and names to give his story atmosphere and color. To excite curiosity and to suggest questions, no sooner posed than answered, is a device which commands the interest and attention of children. Here that purpose is often served by these exotic and musical words, explained skilfully and unobtrusively in the following phrases. Nor is their insertion overworked.

For younger children, "Golden Tusk" has all the merits of a good fairy tale with none of the accompanying unreality which our young skeptics begin so soon to resent; it tells a story sufficiently gripping to interest older boys and girls; and not least among its attractions are the drawings by Ferdinand Hovrath, who also illustrated "Hahtibee the Elephant."

Patrick

By T. R. (about eleven years old)

PATRICK is an Irish setter.
He has big mournful eyes.
They glow red in the night.
They look like candles,
Which the wind puts out,
And an invisible match lights again.
Patrick tells me many things,
Though he does not speak,
But only when we're alone.

SKIPPING ALONG ALONE. By WINIFRED WELLES. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT is something of a pity that the make-up and embellishments of "Skipping Along Alone" suggest a volume by Walter de la Mare. The publisher is not solely at fault; Miss Welles (or, since she is writing these verses for her son, perhaps she should be called Mrs. Shearer) must share the blame. Such pieces as "Minim and the Two Mice," "Green Moth," and several others recall, tone and texture, the Father Goose of Taplow whose "Peacock Pie" puts to shame all other collections (including De la Mare's own) which court comparison with it. This is, as I said, a pity; for Winifred Welles is a poet whose natural accent is charming and childlike enough. Sometimes it is a fraction too childish and the result is a straining of conceits which adults—or rather adult poets—like to believe are typical of children, particularly their own children. The truth is that—unless they are cajoled or prodded into the act—children do not think instinctively in odd figures and arresting metaphors. Their similes, when they use them, are direct and, usually, stereotyped; their poetic concepts are imitative and run naturally to narrative rather than to freaks of fancy.

It is this freakishness, or excessive fancifulness, which mars an otherwise delightful volume. Compare "Skipping Along Alone" with "When We Were Very Young" and "Under the Tree," and the differences are only too obvious. Elizabeth Madox Roberts, for all her subtle rearrangements, presents the child's world as it is; A. A. Milne presents it as the child would wish it to be. But Miss Welles presents it as the poetic parent might like the child to like it. For example, it is quite proper—I am speaking now as a juvenile reader—to refer to an accordion as a "little pleated piano." But it is not proper—not proper, that is, for the purpose—to say to any juvenile audience, except a group of (Heaven forbid!) child-poets:

Hold out your hand, let each round note
Be lightly caught and felt there—
Oh, hear the sprays of soft sound float
Around your hair, against your throat,
Across your mouth to melt there.

When Miss Welles is not being so prettily, so determinedly poetic, she is far more successful. "Dogs and Weather," "Hollyhock Lady," "Brothers in the Snow," "Runaway Fountain," "Curious Something," "Old Ellen Sullivan," "Stocking Fairy" are among the best. They have that nice balance of sound and sentiment, of recognized fact and surprised fantasy which the child might readily appropriate as his own. "Hoppergrass: His Funeral" will be enjoyed by both audiences—the audience that is anxious to grow up and the audience that is even more anxious to grow down; it is the sort of whimsical elegy which might have resulted from a collaboration of Robert Louis Stevenson and Robert Herrick.

Such a comment is both praise and reproof. "Skipping Along Alone" is not, either in idea or treatment, a particularly original work. But it is never banal and scarcely ever without grace. Miss Welles justifies her title. Her tripping is on a confident toe—light if, sometimes, a little too fantastic.

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Booksellers' Catalogues

BOOKSELLERS' catalogues, in midsummer, have a novelty that makes them even more entertaining than fiction intended for reading in a hammock; they come in reasonable numbers and at curious intervals, and only in California does there seem to be any display of activity. "Cables are coming in fast succession, telling of the splendid buys of our Miss —— who is in Europe on an extended book-buying trip," one Los Angeles firm announces proudly, "our fall catalogue will be filled with these treasures." Everyone is requested to send in want-lists instantly, so that Miss —— can look for bargains in "the book-marts of London, Paris, and Rome." There is an atmosphere of breathlessness and of conscious efficiency, of shipping departments unpacking large boxes as fast as possible in order to be ready for the next visit of the expressman, that is conspicuously absent from the more leisurely catalogues of dealers in the East. In those shops, books appear and disappear quietly—one may perhaps hear that some member of the firm is abroad, but there is no indication that world-shaking events are expected to follow upon his return. And this same casual and rather satisfactory attitude comes out again in the printed catalogues: if there is anything of particular interest to be said, it is done without overemphasis and without the use of superlatives, and the reader feels he is trusted to know a little himself.

There are, at present, only a few American catalogues to be considered: Mr. Norman Alexander Hall (40 Langley Road, Newton Centre, Massachusetts) has tried in his catalogue number 12 to make a kind of connected narrative of the ninety books he describes—the result is slightly confusing, but at least it is an honest attempt to escape a form Mr. Hall evidently finds boring. As an experiment it is interesting; as a regular practice its success would be questionable. The Pegasus Book Shop (31 East 60th Street, New York City) includes such writers as Robert W. Chambers, Margaret Deland (her "Awakening of Helena Ritchie" and "Dr. Lavendar's People" seldom appear in such lists), Edward Eggleston, Jack London, and Frank Norris. There is even a copy of Myra Kelly's "Little Citizens." The Drake and Goodspeed catalogues are, as usual, excellent specimens of work done with intelligence and restraint.

It is, perhaps, rather late to speak of Birrell & Garnett's catalogue 34—"Typography"—but it is so unusually good that it deserves attention. The same firm's next catalogue, "Popular Woodcuts of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," is more out of the ordinary and, since it contains books and broadsheets many collectors have never heard of before, more genuinely interesting. In such respects English dealers have an enormous and constant advantage: they are able to bring together, at reasonable prices, groups of books that have never been found commonly in this country outside of private collections, and their catalogues, as a result, can deal with a much greater variety of subjects. Several years ago, for example, Dobell issued a catalogue devoted entirely to pamphlets concerned with the Popish Plot; later the same firm brought to the notice of collectors and of libraries collections of tracts dealing with the Restoration, with John Dryden, and with Dean Swift. And of course, Maggs has always done the same kind of thing with greater elaboration. The latest Elkin Mathews catalogue, 38, is called "Fifty Famous First Editions Published in the Last Fifty Years"; it is surprising to find Ronald Firbank's "Flower Beneath the Foot," and D. H. Lawrence's "The Rainbow," but Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage," Henry James's "Princess Cassamassima," and Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son," are typical of the list as a whole. And as a companion, there is the June catalogue of the First Edition Bookshop (56 Brook Street, London, W.1), which deals more fully with books published within the same period. "At a first glance," the preface states, "it might possibly be thought that our prices are a little high, but this is not so when one takes into account the condition of the books we are offering for sale. Bad copies are always expensive, and we endeavor to have on our shelves only books in such fine condition—'as issued in the dust wrapper'—that the prices immediately justify themselves." It must be said, however, that, in spite of such editorial frankness, the prices seem moderate; the works of the late Poet Laureate, Dr. Bridges, are expensive, but the temptation to overcharge has been resisted extremely well. The catalogue is well done. It would be pleasant to write a few new sentences about the Fletcher catalogue, number 56: it is, like its predecessor, conservative and excellent. Ingpen and Stonehill have done a "selection of desirable books at the uniform price of 7/6, divided into five parts: Modern Authors, Romantic Authors; Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Authors, Autograph Letters, and Old Books in Fine Bindings; it resembles a bargain sale from which one may possibly get something interesting. And as an ending, there are the three latest catalogues from Maggs, the summer list of autograph letters and manuscripts, Books from Famous Presses, and Voyages and Travels—these are entirely in the tradition of the firm.

G. M. T.

Belated but not Outdated

By Henry Sales Francis

NONE of the books with which I am about to deal is of this year's vintage, but they are still recent enough to deserve notice. They are "The Print Collector," by Muriel Clayton (Dodd, Mead), "Etchings and Lithographs—Arthur B. Davies," compiled and with an introduction by Frederic Newlin Price (Mitchell Kennedy), "Engravings by Eric Gill," a selection . . . of Engravings on Wood and Metal representative of his work to the end of the year 1927, with a complete Chronological List of Engravings and a Preface by the artist (Douglas Clevedon, Bristol, 1929).

The first book is of the type which deals with the complete history of each medium of the printed picture, in which is given a résumé of some ten or a dozen of the most important artists, and in which is enumerated their best-known works, with occasional recent prices; it is ended in its hurried and rather tedious dissertation by a chapter devoted to hints to the amateur collector, justifying the indulgence in such a hobby, as well as the time spent in perusal of the book. What Miss Clayton has to say is all true, and well enough presented. It is not, however, interesting to the chance reader, for whom it is primarily intended, because it lacks in literary interest, provocative suggestions for the hobby or scholarly usefulness. It makes little impression on one because its function in connection with prints is so slight. It is not displeasing nor poor; it is merely negative and has been similarly accomplished before.

The second and third are catalogues, each with a preface, each fine examples of typography and illustration, each valuable for either collector or museum department. This value, however, is qualitative.

The successful and usable catalogue is one constructed so that its illustrative material can be utilized simultaneously with the description accorded each piece. All the possible information is gathered together and if and when possible, all major difference shown by illustration. As nearly as possible, catalogues are complete, including all the works of a school or artist, with bibliography and full record and biography, if a monograph. The books at hand, on the whole, fulfil these few requirements. The Davies catalogue has a complete set of plates with as much record for each in description as is obtainable in so recent an artist. The illustrations are good; yet, where there are differences in state, only certain of the variations are shown in among the plates. Nevertheless, the book will be most helpful in gauging the quality of work of this sensitive artist; in proving what weaknesses exist in his use of curiously similar ideas, and in placing before the public the complete printed work of a man less known than he should be.

The compilation of the engravings of Eric Gill is definitely limited up to the year 1927. Presumably as that artist's work continues, other volumes will appear, or other works will be written. The outward format of the book is the most pleasing of all, the typography and designing being of the very best; but for practical purposes, the information, though in itself very complete and effective, is, on the other hand, quite separate from the engravings, and, under the circumstance of their being original is perhaps understandable, but not altogether happy, for, were they together, the interest to the student might be enhanced. Also, the fact that a selection was made, rightly enough, precludes its value as complete. But the originality of the pieces alone makes the book a valuable addition to the collection of any interested person, be it private collector or institution, and the mere fact of its incompleteness from a working point of view is trivial in comparison.

The artist, having been asked to write the preface, does so with a curious mixture of relish and reluctance, the latter giving way to the former as he spreads out the elaborate spiritual working underlying his creative ability. Being a devout convert to the Roman Catholic faith, he carries his logical conclusions to a point which irritates the ordinary lay reader, as such an offering only serves in its more dogmatic moments to presuppose both lack of appreciative or creative powers in one not so versed in an intricate mystical system. Notwithstanding, the preface is not without its genuine charm, its convincing arguments, and an explanation which bears consideration, if at the same time provokes controversial ideas which rather suggest philosophy than art itself,—so relevantly evoked therein,—as the book's thematic purpose.

Old Manuscripts

THE Friends of National Libraries' Society of England is trying to secure for the British Museum an important series of manuscripts relating to Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and Dr. Johnson. The manuscripts

(*Continued on next page*)

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from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers*, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York

Next week *The Inner Sanctum* enters upon the major part of its Fall publication program—in many ways the most exciting schedule of new books since the days of *The Story of Philosophy*, *Trader Horn*, and *Bambi*.

First comes *Yoo Hoo Prosperity—The Eddie Cantor Five-Year Plan* by EDDIE CANTOR—a treatise as hilarious as it is consoling by the Adam Smith of Great Neck, the Roger Babson of Whoopee, the Irving Fisher of Palmy Days and the Kuhn of Kuhn, Loeb and Company—in collaboration with DAVID FREEDMAN [*publication date* August 28th: *price*, $1.00, *or a carload of wheat*].

Next comes *The New Believe It or Not*—by ROBERT L. RIPLEY, F.R.G.S., C.P.H., A.M.M.P.W.P.,—perhaps the most postponed book in American publishing, now definitely, finally, officially, irrevocably in the hands of the printer, to be released to a palpitant universe on September 17th at the Ripleyesque price of $2.00. [Autographed first edition copies will be sent to the first ten readers of this column, if any, who correctly decipher the cryptic initials after RIPLEY's name in this paragraph. Address solutions to the personal attention of Essandess, c-o Simon and Schuster, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Next comes an engraved invitation to *Society* by J. P. McEVOY, disclosing, as only J. P. McEVOY can disclose, the adventures of Dixie Dugan among the nudists of Park Avenue and Newport [R.S.V.P., with $2.00, on September 24th].

The climax for September is *Bernard Shaw* by FRANK HARRIS, certainly one of the most insolent, most intimate, and most authoritative biographies of our time—written from forty years of bellicose friendship by the man who first opened the gates of Paradise for the Panjandrum of modern literature. [Published, with a wealth of G. B. S. Letters, memorabilia and Shaviana, on September 24th, at $4.00.]

This is not all. Clients desiring more adjectives, more details, more prices, and more publication dates are wasting their time unless they inquire for the new Fall catalogue of *The Inner Sanctum* [*cost and obligation to purchase both* nil] by stampeding their favorite bookseller, or

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$2.50 **MORROW**

The PHŒNIX NEST

DON'T breathe a word about it, but prosperity is back! We have it on the authority of *Eddie Cantor*, who certainly ought to speak with knowledge of sorrows past, since before the crash he had a million dollars, a house, three cars, and four daughters. Now all he's got left is five daughters. He says so himself in "Yoo Hoo, Prosperity," which, unless we are very stern with ourselves, we'll be quoting at such length that Simon & Schuster will be suing us for infringement of copyright, and for leaving nothing in the little volume for you to discover at first hand. And you certainly ought to see the book, if only for the sake of that delicious cartoon depicting a debonair, black-faced Mr. Cantor coyly saluting a supercilious Miss Prosperity, which adorns the first page. But then, of course, you ought to see, too, that engaging illustration of Mr. Cantor under a dripping umbrella inquiring "Why save for a rainy day? It's pouring like hell right now." What are we doing? It's quite unpermissible. Really, we've got to say, "Hold, enough!" At any rate, we've stopped in time to leave as surprises for you, unless you've already seen them in the *Satevepost*, other things as good as what we've filched for samples. . . .

Messrs. *Simon and Schuster* sent us their book, tucked comfortably into a box of sliced packing paper (the kind that makes such a mess when its contents are extracted), and nestling lovingly next to it was an apple. Well, we've fooled those publishers. They thought, we're sure, that the apple would put us in mind of unemployment, and sidewalk vendors, and Presidential committees for the relief of suffering. It didn't. It reminded us that *Schiller* could never write unless he had a decaying apple in his drawer at which he could sniff intermittently. We're going to save ours against a rainy day when space is to be filled and copy scant and we need inspiration. As a matter of fact, why save it? What with the Phœnician in California, and the Editor in the wilds of Connecticut, in the words of Mr. Cantor, "It's raining like hell right now." . . .

Lovers of the detective story, take notice! There's a grand new volume shortly to be available, an anthology, by *Kenneth Macgowan*, which Harcourt, Brace is issuing under the laconic title, "Sleuths." No, it isn't just another collection of "best" detective tales brought together under two covers. It's selected on a new system with a view to displaying detectives rather than mysteries, and in order to qualify for inclusion in it the sleuths chosen have to have figured in short stories, not in full-length novels. Of course, M. Dupin is there—"his name leads all the rest"—, and the immortal Sherlock, and Dr. Thorndyke. But why name them? There they are in goodly array, introduced by the most informative and realistic biographical notes in the "Who's Who" manner. . . .

While we were talking of the depression a little while ago (your pardon, it was prosperity), we ought to have mentioned a story about *Aaron Burr* which *Marquis James* has unearthed in the course of his reasearches in connection with the biography of *Andrew Jackson* Bobbs-Merrill is waiting for him to finish. Burr, it seems, was a man of stoic fortitude with a nice turn for pithy expression. One day a client came to him, loudly deploring the loss of part of her fortune. "Oh, Colonel Burr! Oh, Colonel Burr! However am I going to get through this calamity?" "Live through it, Madame. Live through it," Burr replied. There's a text for the present. "God bless us every one," as Tiny Tim would say. . . .

Do you know what a "Wazagran" is? If you don't, you can find out by reading *Albert Stevens Crockett's* "Peacocks on Parade" when it is issued shortly by the Sears Publishing Company. And can you guess what "Peacocks on Parade" refers to? The old Waldorf-Astoria, of course. . . .

Well, well, wonders never cease. The machinery of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933 is to be started by the giant star, Arcturus. It appears that light rays which started on their journey from Arcturus years and years ago are to be captured in a forty-inch telescope, turned into power, amplified, and used to throw switches in the Hall of Science now under construction on the lake front. *Dr. F. R. Moulton*, whose "Astronomy" Macmillan publishes, has been deputed to see that this energy, deriving from a star exceeding the sun in volume by 20,000 fold, meekly obeys the behest of man. . . .

We have the best of good news for potential authors. There is in existence an organization which will supply ten million story plots, and no two alike at that. The Plot Genie is "a friendly collaborator and thought stimulator for the professional author or writer"; "it will provide an endless number of definite assignments; it will never suggest an impossible series of situations; it will not permit of the introduction of a single unnecessary character or situation; it will supply plots with or without love interest—with or without melodrama—for mystery stories, adventure stories, human and heart interest situations, stories with the trick ending or surprise twist climax." In short, it will provide every nincompoop with an excuse for writing, and flood every editorial desk in the country with a mass of rubbish. Heaven help the public! . . .

It's a mad world any way, my friends, with Mr. *Ramsay Muir* saying to one audience that civilization is on the verge of collapse, and his countryman, Mr. *H. B. Lees-Smith*, announcing to another that "twenty years hence the whole population of this country (Great Britain) will have all the virtues of the traditional public school type, but will be free from the defects." But we love it. Which reminds us of a story the London *Observer* printed the other day to the effect that *Jenny Lind*, whose biography was issued recently, used to say that the two most unmusical people she knew were *Dean Stanley*, who said, 'Madame, I love you in spite of your music,' and her own son, who would interrupt her singing with 'Mother, do stop that noise.'" . . .

Arnold Bennett's personal library, so we hear from England, was recently sold at auction. Together with the books, mostly works by his French and English contemporaries, a number of water colors done by the novelist in the course of his travels were disposed of. Mr. Bennett, it seems, was also the owner of an interesting collection of Regency furniture. . . .

Regency furniture puts us in mind of the fact (heaven only knows where this habit of one thing reminding us of another may lead us) that the chess and backgammon table which *Charles II* gave to *Pepys* has been acquired by the British Museum, and that the "Great Bed of Ware," one of the most famous pieces of Elizabethan furniture in England, has come into the possession of the Victoria and Albert Museum. *Shakespeare* refers to it in "Twelfth Night," and that, together with allusions to it by other writers, is our only excuse for dragging it into these columns. . . .

To get back to books. Longmans, Green is shortly to issue *Russell Lord's* "Men of Earth," which is a highly interesting study of agriculture in this county focussed about the personalities of some dozen men and women of the soil. The same firm has in the offing a translation of *Petrarch's* Sonnets by *Joseph Auslander* which is vouched for by one of its publishers, himself a poet, as admirable, and on the horizon a study of woman's progress through the ages, entitled "On Understanding Women," by *Mary L. Beard*, of which we also hear excellent things. . . .

It's queer how little, in our experience, facts seem to square with generalizations. Here are all the newspapers telling us that travel to Europe is at a standstill, and here is *Mr. Brentano* calling us up to say that he is going abroad on Friday, and *Mr. Morrow* telling us that he is to leave this week for Europe, and *Mr. Curtice Hitchcock*, newly appointed head of the trade department of the Century Company, telephoning us that he is sailing for England in two or three weeks, and *Frances Phillips* just back from France, and *Louise Seaman* jaunting through Ireland, and *Cass Canfield* of Harper's still on the other side so far as we know, and half a dozen others either coming or going. But, of course, it's a good year for Americans to go abroad, because there are no Americans in Europe this year. . . .

Enviously,

THE SUBSTITUTE PHŒNICIAN.

Old Manuscripts

(*Continued from preceding page*)

belonged originally to Bishop Percy, the eighteenth century antiquarian and the editor of the famous "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." The material relating to Shakespeare consists of a kind of literary review of his time written by the Cambridge scholar and advocate of classical metres in poetry Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, in the margins of a copy of Speght's "Chaucer," a book published in 1598. Shakespeare is grouped by Harvey "with them is a reference to Shakespeare." Harvey notes that "the younger sort takes much delight in Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' but his 'Lucrece' and his tragedie the 'Hamlet Prince of Denmarke' have it in them to please the wiser sort," the rest of our flourishing metricians, such as Spenser, Raleigh, Chapman, and other leading Elizabethans. These passages are interesting, not only for the evidence of Shakespeare's reputation at this date, but for the light thrown on the date of the production of "Hamlet." The Speght Chaucer was formerly believed to have been lost in a fire at Northumberland House, but was rediscovered a few years ago.

Bishop Percy was a member of Dr. Johnson's circle, and he possessed a large number of letters and manuscripts of his friend Goldsmith. These papers cover about twenty years of Goldsmith's career, and include some long and interesting letters. Percy wrote a well-known "Memoir" of Goldsmith. The materials he collected for it, of the greatest value for the biography of the poet, are in the sale. Among the Goldsmith letters is one to Bennet Langton, a familiar figure in Boswell, in which Goldsmith says that he is staying "in the country at a farmer's house quite alone trying to write a comedy" ("She Stoops to Conquer"), and goes on to gossip about the doings of Johnston, Reynolds, Burke, and other members of the circle.

Another letter is addressed to his manservant, and reads: "Honest John, give Doctor Percy my history of animals, which you will find among my books." This is, of course, the "History of Animated Nature," and sixteen pages of Goldsmith's "copy" for it are in the sale. There is also a Johnson letter which escaped the industrious search of Boswell and of Birkbeck Hill.

If you are tired of reading novels that deal with modern love and marriage, with "careers" for men and women, with the contest for "freedom" and self-expression between the sexes, DOÑA BARBARA, an unusual and fascinating novel from Venezuela, will be a welcome change.

EL SOL of Madrid: "An epic of rural life, first-rate Latin American novel."

DOÑA BARBARA
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N. Y. Times: "Now for the first time we have a picture of a new and exotic frontier life. The pictures of these people and this little known region, the charming tale woven into the mesh of excellent description, the development of the love story—these are all factors which make the book one worth buying and reading." $2.50

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